BEGINNING—**STRUGGLES** to the **DEATH** in the **PRIZE RING**
By **EDWARD DOHERTY**

Liberty

JULY 1,
1933

5¢

REVERE F.
WISTEHUFF

O Maid . . .
. . . O Matron!
is there any reason to pay more than 25¢ for Tooth Paste?

Now we offer you at a saving, a quicker, pleasanter means of keeping mouth and gums healthy and of beautifying teeth. A dentifrice that cleanses more thoroughly, gives enamel greater luster, and sweetens the breath. Listerine Tooth Paste is its name. Twenty-five cents is its price.

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More than two million women know them to be true. Why otherwise would they have rejected older and costlier favorites for Listerine Tooth Paste? The beauty-giving results of this product are so apparent they couldn't be overlooked or denied. They have demonstrated to millions the folly of paying more than 25¢ for a tooth paste.

If you haven't tried Listerine Tooth Paste, we urge you to do so now. Note how swiftly and how thoroughly it cleans teeth—permeates every crevice.

See how quickly it erases unsightly tartar, stains, and discolorations—particularly those due to smoking. Observe the flashing brilliance and luster it gives to your teeth—modern polishing ingredients so gentle in action are responsible.

Look also for that wonderful feeling of mouth freshness and exhilaration that this tooth paste gives; the sensation you associate with the use of Listerine itself.

Lastly, reflect that these benefits cost you about half of what you ordinarily pay. The saving of $3.00 a year is a worthwhile one in these thrifty times.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

Listerine TOOTH PASTE . . 25¢

JULY 1, 1933 **Liberty** VOL. 10, NO. 26

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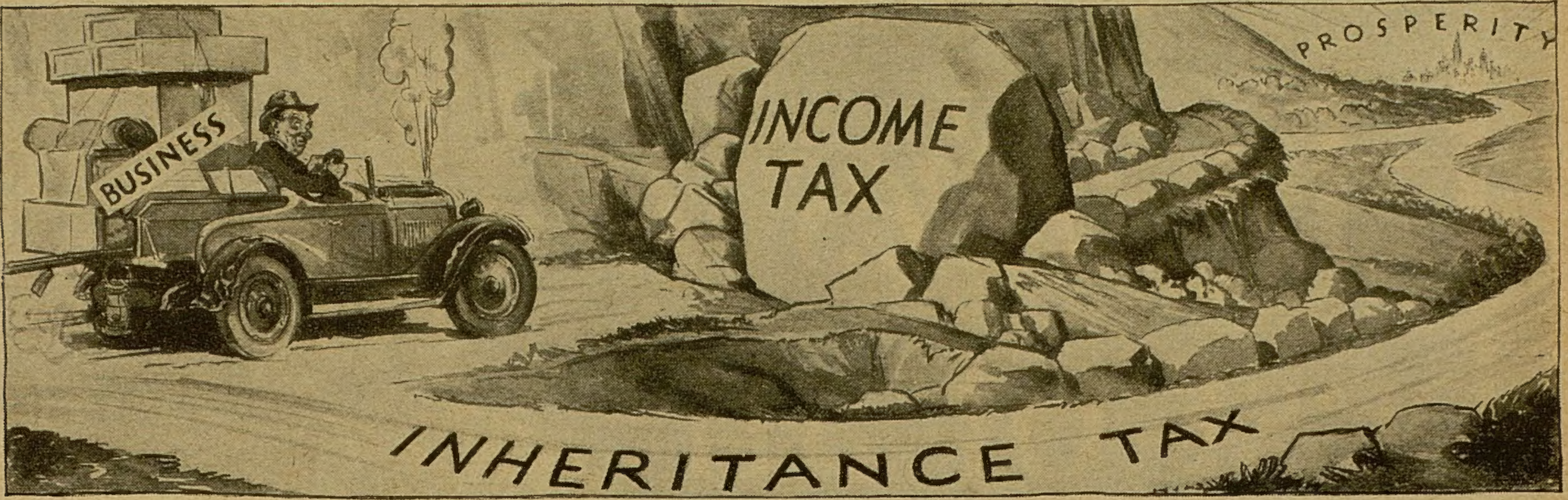

WHEN WEALTH BRINGS DISASTER

ALL the various relief measures now being tested in Washington are undoubtedly worth-while experiments. But we started on the wrong track when we endeavored to remedy the defects of the business world through governmental measures.

The relief everybody is demanding at the present time has been made necessary largely by this interference with the ordinary processes of business controlled by the law of supply and demand.

Outside of the war debt the colossal taxes have been brought to us by the same cause. The budget must be balanced. We all admit this is necessary. But the thousands of millions of yearly national expense has been inherited by the present administration. And that represents one of the principal difficulties that business everywhere is facing at the present time.

For years we progressed satisfactorily without an income tax, and when the law was first passed it was revoked by the United States Supreme Court, but, properly amended, it was passed again and is now the law of the land.

The income tax is a tax on business—it restricts, hampers, handicaps business; and back of all taxes of this sort is the desire of the average legislator to soak the rich.

We will all admit that the rich should bear an appropriate share of governmental expenses. But the writer believes the proper means to extract money from the rich is not through income taxes but through inheritance taxes.

At death every rich man should be stripped of excess earnings acquired during his lifetime. But in his efforts while living to promote his interests, to make himself a more efficient citizen, he should be encouraged.

We have acquired a foolish reverence for family trees founded exclusively on riches. Money is power, but it should never be placed in the hands of those who have not learned how to use it.

The inheritance of great wealth often proves to be a calamity. Rich men's sons rarely amount to anything, and about the same can be said of daughters. There are but few exceptions to this rule. Why, then, should they be given authority over great wealth through inheritance?

Give every builder who promotes efficiency of any sort all the leeway he legitimately earns, every possible privilege to accumulate as much as he can. Encourage him to build and develop great enterprises. But when death takes him away his wealth should be passed on to the government or to those who helped him make it, not to the sons or daughters who have lolled in idleness and devitalizing luxury.

On previous occasions when I have attacked the income tax, maintaining that it has impeded and limited business, my critics have claimed that my motives were selfish, that I wanted my own income tax reduced. But it is easy to disprove this obvious objection.

For more than thirty years I was a propagandist. Money interested me only to the extent that it could be constructively used to promote my message. And then came the realization of the power of money and I began to accumulate it.

The term " multimillionaire " I never liked. The only kind of riches that are really worth while come with dynamic, powerful health combined with the proper balance of mind, body, and soul. And I removed myself some time ago from the multimillionaire class by giving all of my financial wealth to a beneficent trust, the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation. Therefore when I advocate reduction or elimination of income tax it is for the general good. Personally I have little or nothing to gain.

Every encouragement should be given to those who want to become efficient builders in any phase of business or social life. They should not be taxed; if anything, they should be rewarded. Give them everything possible while they live, but an inheritance tax should take everything but what is essential to give their dependents reasonable but not luxurious support.

Wealth is a curse, an evil of vast consequence, to those who have not earned it through hard work and sacrifice. It makes them greedy and selfish, inconsiderate and ungrateful. BERNARR MACFADDEN.

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Reason enough for him

He *likes it* best of all!

BUT MOTHER'S REASON . . . IT HAS EXTRA BENEFITS HE NEEDS
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WHEAT
THE NEW CRISP-PACK
READY TO EAT

In every tempting bowlful—the bulk your system needs to keep you regular! Eat Post's Bran Flakes every day!

THOSE hungry youngsters! They beg for Post's Bran Flakes just because they love it. And that's one good reason why so many wise mothers serve it regularly every day.

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Start serving Post's Bran Flakes now . . . it's *extra* delicious with fresh fruits or berries. And see how it helps to keep you regular and fit. Post's Bran Flakes is a product of General Foods.

Visit the General Foods Exhibit, a Century of Progress, Chicago (June to October), and see the Post's Bran Flakes display.

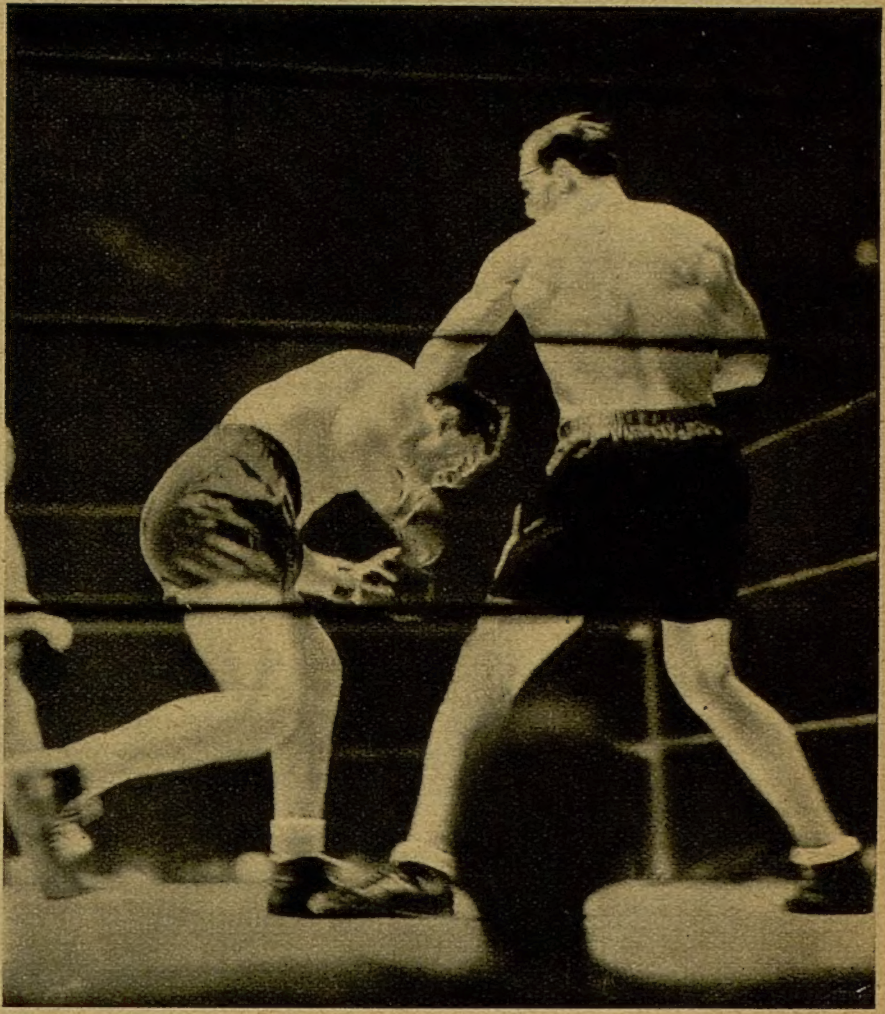
POST'S BRAN FLAKES

WITH OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT

• BEGINNING •

STRUGGLES to the Death in the PRIZE RING

A Vivid Chronicle of Tragedies that "Couldn't Have Happened"—But Did



International photo

The Ernie Schaaf-Primo Carnera fight, which was followed by the tragic death of Schaaf (at left).

(Reading time: 16 minutes 20 seconds.)

PART ONE—THE STRANGE FATE OF LUTHER McCARTHY

TWENTY THOUSAND men and women sitting in Madison Square Garden, New York, on the night of last February 10 saw tragedy enacted, and labeled it fraud and farce.

Ernie Schaaf, one of two heavyweight prize fighters in the ring, suddenly dropped his weary arms, staggered, fell heavily to the canvas, and lay still.

The crowd rose, shouting, as the referee began to count.

"Get up, you bum!" some of them yelled. "Get up and fight! So you can't take it, hey?"

The referee's count ended. Schaaf, unconscious and dying, was carried to his corner. His handlers tried desperately to revive him. All over the vast inclosure shrill voices were crying: "Fake! Fake! Fake!"

The stricken fighter was taken out of the ring and borne to the dressing room. His eyes were closed and his arms hung limp at his sides. But those who saw were the more convinced that Schaaf, having simulated a fighter being knocked out, was now simulating unconsciousness. They scolded him, derided him, cursed him.

Among the sports writers who had sat at the ringside were some who thought the fight fair and Primo Carnera the natural winner. But there were others who insisted with the fans that the knockout had been "arranged."

Even after Schaaf had been taken to the Polyclinic Hospital, across the street from the Garden, and doctors had been summoned to examine him, these die-hard writers maintained that Schaaf was only fooling.

The talk of fake began some time before the fight—when it was announced that the winner would be given an opportunity to meet Jack Sharkey in a bout for the championship of the world.

It was learned that Sharkey "owned a piece of Ernie Schaaf," and a rather sizable piece. New York saw something fishy in that. New York couldn't conceive the possibility that Sharkey would fight his meal ticket for the championship—even if he were allowed by the authorities to do so. Therefore, New York reasoned, Sharkey would fight Carnera—after Carnera had beaten Schaaf.

The fight went to the thirteenth round, and Schaaf had made a poor fight all the way. His dull showing was all that was needed to convince the crowd they were witnessing a fake.

It took an autopsy to prove that they were wrong.

Schaaf had gone into the ring woefully unprepared to fight such a tremendous fellow as Carnera. He had recently suffered from influenza, which left him in a weakened condition. And it is possible that the blood clot found in his brain had already formed.

Some of his friends believe Schaaf suffered a concussion of the brain in his fight with Max Baer, the first man to knock him down.

The medical examiner said the beating suffered by Schaaf had nothing to do with his death; but Carnera was held for questioning. And though the authorities were forced to release him, they decided he shouldn't fight the champion Sharkey, after all. They decided he should fight men of his own weight hereafter, and not puny little fellows weighing no more than two hundred pounds or so.

by EDWARD DOHERTY and NOLL GURNEY

Schaaf had taken part in some seventy professional bouts, and had won most of them, before he stepped into the ring with Carnera. He was considered so nearly the perfect specimen of boxer that he was asked to pose for the trophy Gene Tunney gave to boxing when he retired.

It is seldom that the drama of a prize fight turns into the horror of an inquest. Sports writers commenting on the death of Ernie Schaaf mentioned casually other victims of famous fights: Frankie Campbell, Frankie Jerome, Bull Young, and others—very few others.

They also recalled the Luther McCarthy-Arthur Pelkey fight, perhaps the most melodramatic, the most puzzling, and the most spectacular of ring fatalities.

In many respects the fight between Schaaf and Carnera duplicated the McCarthy-Pelkey tragedy.

This bout was promoted by Tommy Burns, then ex-heavyweight champion of the world. He was Pelkey's manager and sparring partner, and told everybody confidentially that his boy was the best of the white hopes.

Burns, incidentally, was responsible for all white hopes. He it was who lost the white championship to Jack Johnson. After the fight he went back to Calgary, Canada, and opened a gents' furnishings store.

He used to box privately with Pelkey, it was said, and could knock out the big fellow almost at will.

The fact that he had matched his protégé with Luther McCarthy was therefore regarded by the fight fans of Canada and the United States as at least peculiar.

Luther McCarthy was the best white hope on the horizon. With one hand tied behind his back he could whip Pelkey and his whole family, said the wise guys.

What was Tommy Burns trying to do? they wondered. Was he going to challenge the winner of the fight? Was he aiming to win a return match with Jack Johnson? Surely the winner of this bout would fight the champion —if the bout was on the square.

SO the talk before the fight set the mood for it. The fans had the answer all doped out. McCarthy was to lay down to Pelkey. Pelkey was to have his shot at Johnson. They'd draw a big gate—and Johnson would smack Pelkey back into oblivion.

McCarthy didn't seem to take the fight seriously. That helped to mold public opinion. Calgary was all set to boo him on his first appearance in the town.

But McCarthy was the handsomest prize fighter Calgary had ever seen. He was tall and broad and unmarked and curly-haired, and he rode a horse like the cowboy he was. Calgary—men, women, and children—openly adored him at sight. The girls made a habit of walking down Eighth Street, for that was the thoroughfare McCarthy used oftenest, sitting his horse so gallantly, doffing his ten-gallon hat to the ladies who smiled upon him.

What a contrast he was to Pelkey, whose nose had been broken by almost every glove that kissed it, whose ears were prize cauliflowers, whose lantern jaw went unshaven for days, whose chest was as hairy as doormats. Those who looked upon him felt ashamed that they had thought of fake. Such a man couldn't help but win.

Fighting was not legal within the city limits of Calgary, so Burns built an arena at Newcastle, a few miles out of town. This was in 1913. May 24, a national holiday in Canada, was selected as the day of the fight, and Ed W. Smith was named as referee.

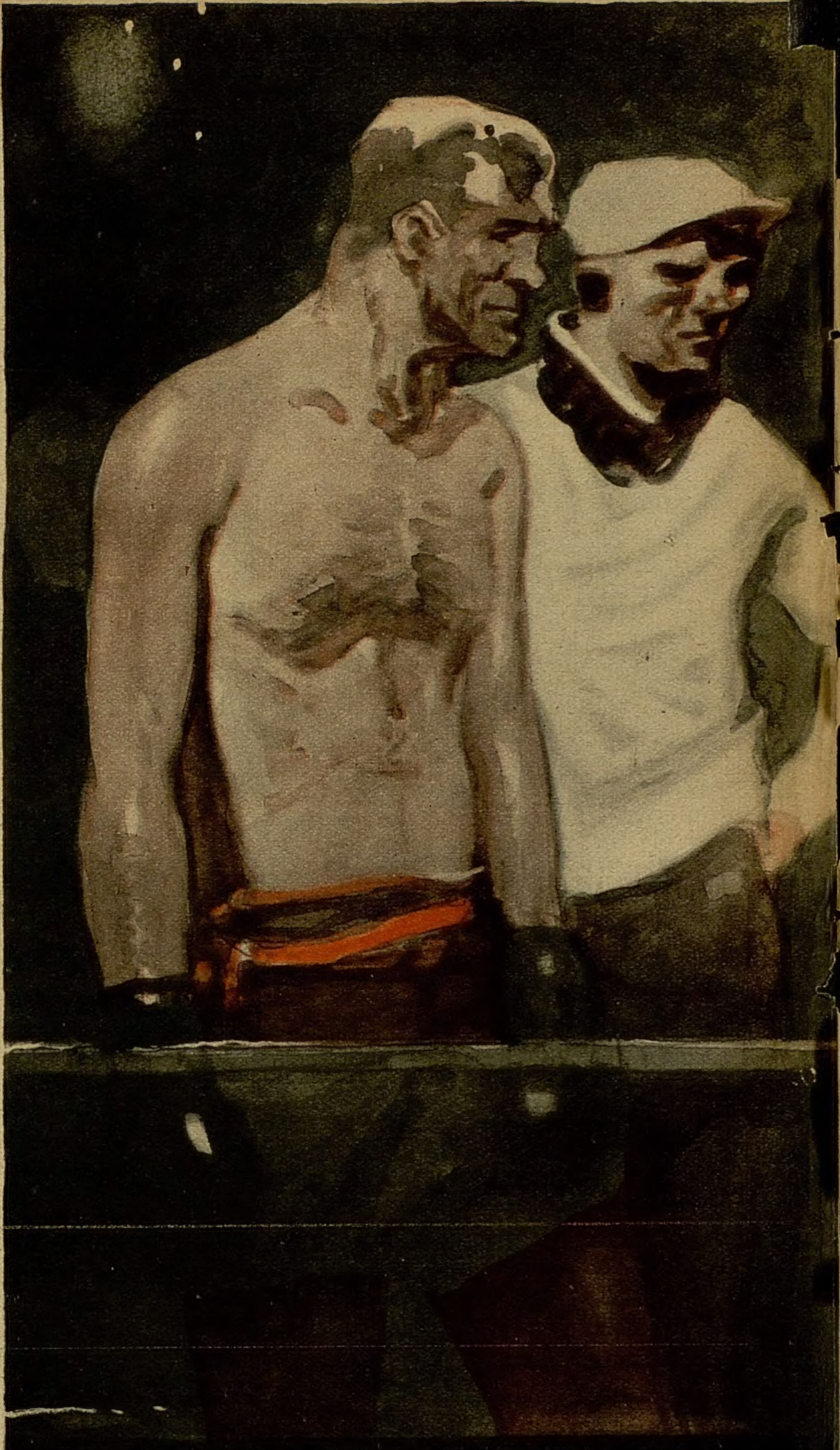
McCarthy had planned to leave town on an early train. He refused to let his valet come to the arena.

" I'll knock him out in a round or two," he told the man. " And I'll get back here in time to make that train. Sorry, but you'll have to stay and pack."

The valet sighed. He had bet much money on his master, and he had implicit confidence in winning his bet—but what was money when he couldn't see the fight?

The arena was jammed with men and boys. Surprisingly enough, there were a number of women too. Women, as a rule, didn't go to prize fights in those days. But this fight—well, the ladies figured it was just like going to a theater to see their favorite matinée idol.

The preliminaries were good. There was so much action, so much savagery, that everybody's blood was at fever heat, and nobody remembered his suspicions.



THE LITTLE MAN MADE HIMSELF HEARD.

McCarthy came into the arena during the semifinal, with his manager, Billy McCarney. He had on a sweater and a cap. He stopped to talk to Ed Smith, who was sitting in one of the back rows. A candy butcher passed, and McCarthy changed caps with him and grinned.

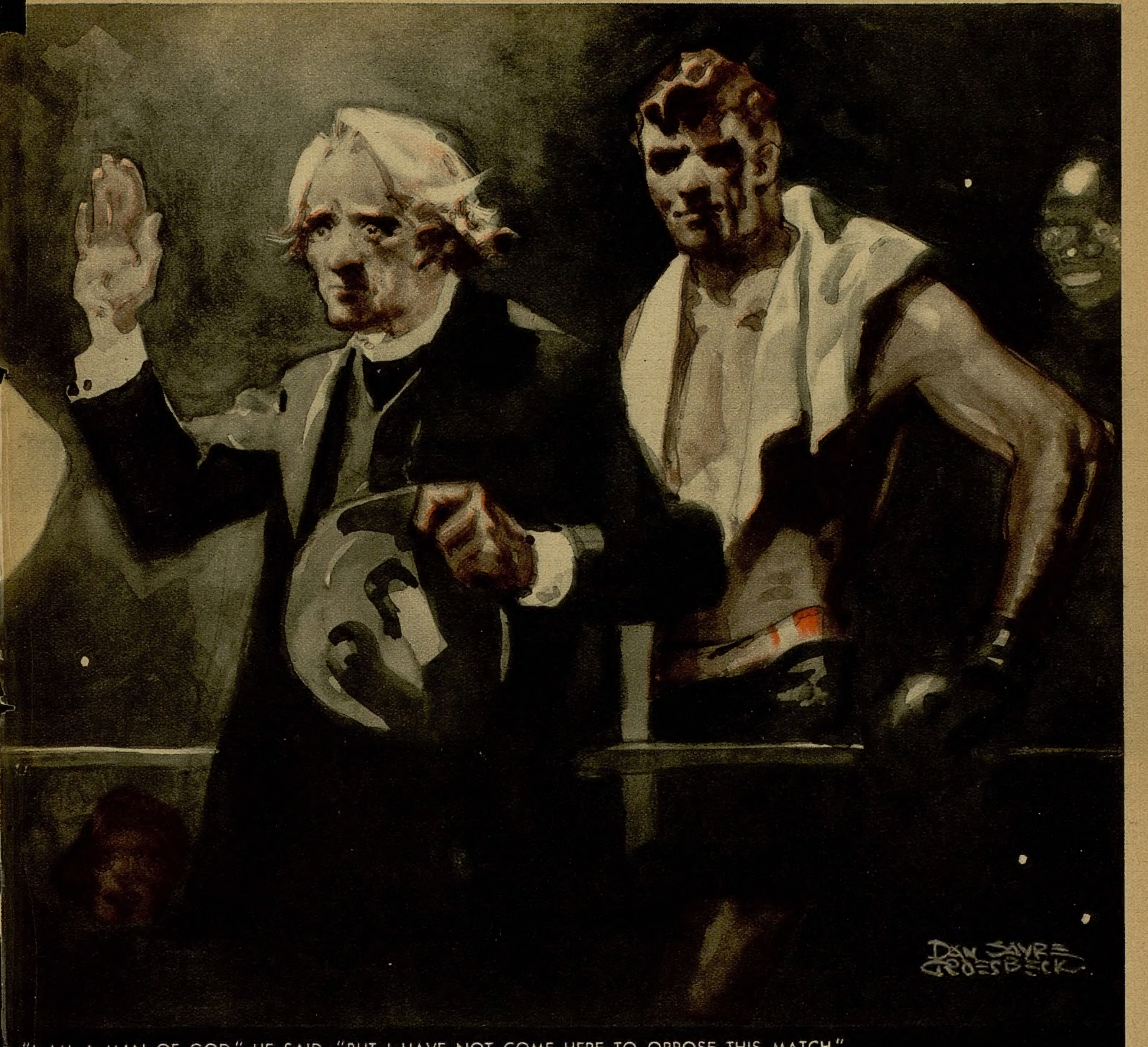
He winked at Ed, laughed, and strolled toward the ring. He found a seat with the newspaper men and shook hands with everybody near him. A boy came down an aisle selling pop. McCarthy bought him out and handed the pop all around; then he sat the boy by him.

" Now that you're out of business, sonny," he said, " you can watch the scrap."

It was plain to everybody that the Pelkey fight was only a joke to McCarthy.

Just as the semi-windup ended, an upraised walking stick came through the crowd, stirring an angry wake.

Into the ring went the walking stick, followed by a wizened and dour individual in black, a little man in a garb that suggested the pulpit or the Chautauqua platform. In his excitement and his determination to enter the ring before the next fight, the man had trodden on shoulders, fingers, ears, noses—everything in his path.


DAN SAYRE GROESBECK.

"I AM A MAN OF GOD," HE SAID. "BUT I HAVE NOT COME HERE TO OPPOSE THIS MATCH."

The angry remarks of his victims were lost in the thunderous raspberry given him by the crowd. The fans had become aware that this fellow was a minister of the gospel, a reformer. They believed he had come to lecture them on the bestiality of prize-fighting.

The little man made himself heard.

"I am a man of God," he said. "But I have not come here to oppose this match."

This got him silence.

"I have been a boxer myself," he went on. "At Oxford. I fought with gloves. I am proud of that. I believe every man should know how to fight the good fight."

The crowd was puzzled—and beginning to be annoyed. They didn't want a sermon; they wanted a fight.

"I haven't had the privilege of meeting Mr. Pelkey," the minister went on, "but I have had the very great pleasure of knowing Mr. McCarthy, and of welcoming him to my little mission tent at Ogden, and to my home."

The speaker said that McCarthy was a person of broadmindedness and sincerity.

"Everything about him appealed to me," he shouted—"his fine physical condition, his sober talk, his genial smile, his great intelligence, his charity, his tolerance. I took him from my tabernacle into my home. And my wife and my children loved him even as I do."

THE crowd began to rag the little minister a bit, and to holler for the referee or somebody to chuck him out of the ring. The minister, however, was unperturbed.

"I've come here," he shouted, raising his stick high, "to tell you that this is to be a fight between the spirit and the flesh." He looked first at McCarthy, who had just peeled off his sweater and leaped into the ring, a smiling, debonair, young hero, and then at Pelkey, scowling and unshaven. "It's a fight between the forces of righteousness—and the devil!"

McCarthy grinned and said something to him nobody overheard. Pelkey also said something. It was obvious he resented being called a devil.

"It is a fight," the minister continued, "between good and evil. And with the referee acting the part of the

Great Judge, we shall see that the devil, typified by Mr. Pelkey, will be destroyed."

Ed Smith tactfully induced him to leave the ring. Ed examined the bandages on each man's hands, called them to the center of the ring, and gave them their instructions.

At the bell McCarthy rushed Pelkey, and tagged him with a left uppercut almost before he had left his stool. Pelkey was too surprised to do anything but defend himself. McCarthy kept him in his corner, playing with him, knocking down his guard, and jabbing him, contemptuously slapping him with his open glove and catching him at will with that famous left uppercut.

The crowd cheered. This wasn't a fake. McCarthy wanted a quick knockout. That was plain.

After one minute and forty seconds McCarthy got tired of playing with Pelkey. He let go a terrific left uppercut. It carried a trainload of headaches. But it just missed Pelkey by a whisker.

McCarthy backed clean across the ring after missing that blow, leaving Pelkey standing in his corner.

Then, with the full width of the ring between him and Pelkey, McCarthy wilted. He sat down gently, then fell flat on his back. Nobody who saw could understand. Pelkey hadn't touched him with his hands. Pelkey was across the ring from him when he collapsed. Pelkey was still standing there, dazed with surprise, when Smith began to count.

The crowd immediately reversed its decision regarding the genuineness of the fight. What a clumsy fake this was! What fools they had been to think it ever was on the level! Smith had no sooner said " Ten and out " than the fans began to throw bottles, cushions, hats, and banana peels into the ring. The more angry wrenched loose the improvised seats and threw them at the stricken fighter.

" Fake! Fake! Fake! " they cried.

Everybody seemed to be fighting everybody else in the place. Everybody seemed bent on getting into the ring. Tommy Burns, who had been Pelkey's second—as well as his sparring partner and manager—jumped into it with a megaphone and shouted, " Leave quietly! " Nobody heard him except those in the ring and those trying to get in.

Billy McCarney was kneeling over McCarthy's form, bewildered. Pelkey, as soon as his arm had been raised, had left the ring and by this time he was on his way to Calgary with deliriously happy friends.

The Royal Northwest Mounted Police—there were only a few of them in the audience—surged through the maddened crowd almost helplessly. They were little bits of color tossed about by the rioting thousands, lost, bobbing up again, but always fighting, shouting, working to prevent bloodshed. Smith and Burns, shouting through the megaphone, finally " reached " the rioters, brought back reason to them, and some sort of order. The grateful Mounties gave Smith a fancy belt after the affair was all over. They credited him with helping to avert a riot that might have taken many lives.

ALL this time McCarthy lay on his back unmoving, and crowds of screaming, shouting men stepped over him. McCarney was calling his name, pushing the smelling salts into his nostrils, massaging him.

Nobody had thought of calling a doctor. Nobody had thought of removing McCarthy from the ring. It was not until at least half an hour after the fight that any efficient service was given him.

McCarney and others got him out then, out through the west entrance, and laid him on the damp grass. There they tried to revive him by artificial respiration.

The crowd pressed around them. A little while ago these men had been cursing, fighting, howling for blood. Now they were silent, curious, impressed. Maybe the fight wasn't a fake, after all. Maybe McCarthy really was hurt. But what could be the matter with him? He hadn't been hit a single blow.

McCarney began to cry—as Johnny Buckley cried over Ernie Schaaf. He got up and begged the bystanders to spread out, to give his friend a little air.

" He'll be up in a second," he said. " He's all right. He'll be up in a second."

The funny little minister tore his way to McCarthy's side and kneeled and began to pray.

Only then, perhaps, did McCarney realize. He began to weep audibly, to tear his hair, to cry, " He was my best friend—I loved him like a brother! "

A woman slithered through the crowd, listened for a moment to the words of the minister, and fell, and crawled close to the fighter's body. She threw her arms about his neck. She kissed his lips again and again. She wet his face with her tears.

And then, as suddenly as she had come, she was gone.

The doctor arrived at length. He brushed aside the seconds working so furiously to restore life. He brushed aside the little man on his knees. He fingered in his bag. He brought out a stethoscope. He placed it to McCarthy's heart. " Gentlemen," he said, " this man has been dead for several minutes."

DEAD? McCarthy dead? That beautiful, powerful, sure, gay creature they had bet on? Killed in this fight they thought a fake? It was too ghastly for belief.

McCarney wasn't the only man crying now. Dozens were weeping all around him—working men, playing men, pickpockets, sure-thing gamblers, sports, men who would cut your throat for a dollar.

They walked away, dazed, stupidly telling each other it couldn't have happened.

McCarthy's valet waited for hours in the hotel room, wondering at the delay. A round or two, his master had said. Everything was ready long ago. All the bags were packed except one—that in which he would put McCarthy's fighting kit. There was a shirt lying on the bed, a clean shirt with cuff links in it and collar buttons in the neckband. A collar and tie lay on the dresser.

The newsboys crying extras in the street below told the valet he need wait no longer. The shock was so great that he collapsed. Pelkey and his friends were celebrating the " victory " in one of the Calgary cafés. They rushed out to buy the papers, and looked at each other in horror. They were still reading the news when officers came in to place Pelkey under arrest on a manslaughter charge. Burns had been arrested at the arena.

The body of Luther McCarthy lay in state in a Calgary funeral parlor, and the whole of Calgary came to stand above the casket and say a prayer for the fallen idol. He looked as he had before he entered the ring—young, brave, smiling, beautiful and calm.

There wasn't a bruise or a mark on his body.

Burns and Pelkey had masses said for the dead man's soul and sent flowers to stand beside his bier. They were as sorry for what happened as was any man in Calgary—and as puzzled.

But their barrister would not let the body go back to the United States until a complete autopsy had been performed. The coroner had found that the heart was normal at the time of death. He had found no discolorations. He protested that he had made as complete an autopsy as possible. But counsel for defense had his way. There must be some explanation in that unmarked body, he felt, some clue to clear his clients.

The doctors he hired discovered a blood clot on the brain. " McCarthy died of a broken neck," they said.

The fifth vertebra had been partly dislocated prior to the fight.

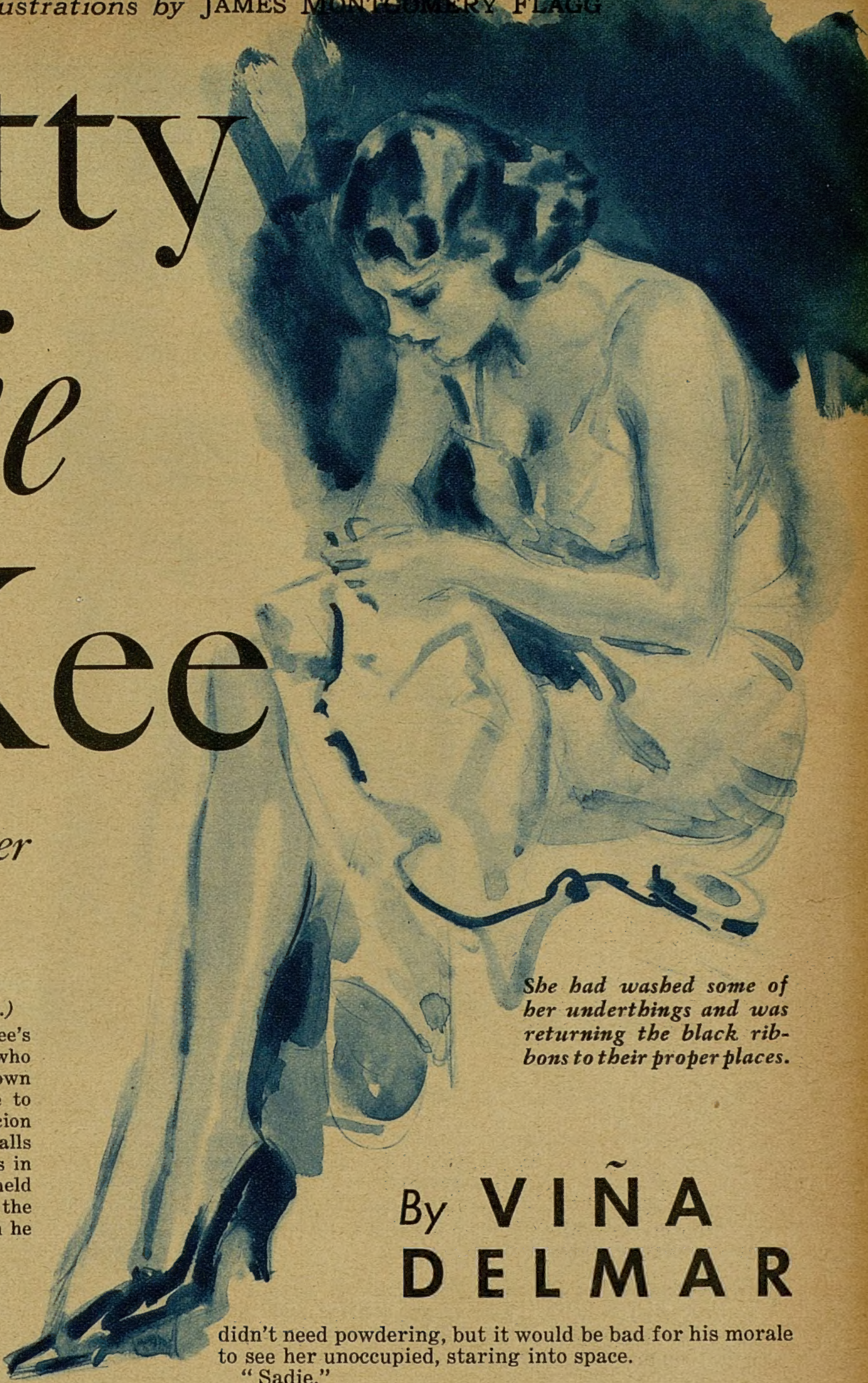
Friends remembered then that he had dived into a shallow swimming pool and had hit his head on the concrete bottom. It was easy to figure now exactly what had happened in the ring. McCarthy, when about to deliver that last left uppercut, had set himself. His body was rigid. When he delivered the blow, his head naturally shot back. Thus, because of that semidislocation of the vertebra, he broke his own neck.

Burns and Pelkey were acquitted and McCarthy's body was taken home. But on the night it left someone crept into the arena at Newcastle and touched a match to it and the whole thing burned to the ground.

The true story of the struggle to the death in which Bull Young, after " the hardest blow ever delivered in a prize ring," went down before big Jess Willard, will be told by Messrs. Doherty and Gurney in Liberty next week.

Illustrations by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Pretty *Sadie* McKee



She had washed some of her underthings and was returning the black ribbons to their proper places.

The Story of Another "Bad Girl"

By VIÑA DELMAR

(Reading time: 32 minutes 5 seconds.)

THIS is the story of Sadie McKee's battle with life. Her mother, who does "day work" in the small town where they live, is ambitious for Sadie to grow up and marry Michael Alderson, scion of the town's richest family; but Sadie falls in love with Tommy Wallace, who works in a filling station. Tommy's employer is held up, and, although he testifies against the robbers, no one will employ Tommy when he loses his job. He decides to go to New York to look for work, and Sadie tells her mother she will accompany him. Her mother warns her to marry Tommy in the morning. The couple arrive in the city and take a cheap room off Broadway, telling the landlady they are Mr. and Mrs. Wallace.

PART TWO—BATTLING THE CITY

"IF it weren't so cold we could go for a walk," Sadie said.

"Or we could go to the movies," Tommy suggested.

"We mustn't waste money."

"We've got plenty. We'll have jobs tomorrow. At least, *I'll* have one."

She looked at him a moment before answering. Then, "If we don't get jobs our stomachs will be awfully pleased long about the end of next week that we didn't spend money on the movies tonight."

"Well, maybe," he admitted. He sat down on the bed and stared moodily at his finger nails. Sadie squinted into the wavy little mirror and powdered her nose. It didn't need powdering, but it would be bad for his morale to see her unoccupied, staring into space.

"Sadie."

"Um."

"Are we just going to stay in this little pen night after night?"

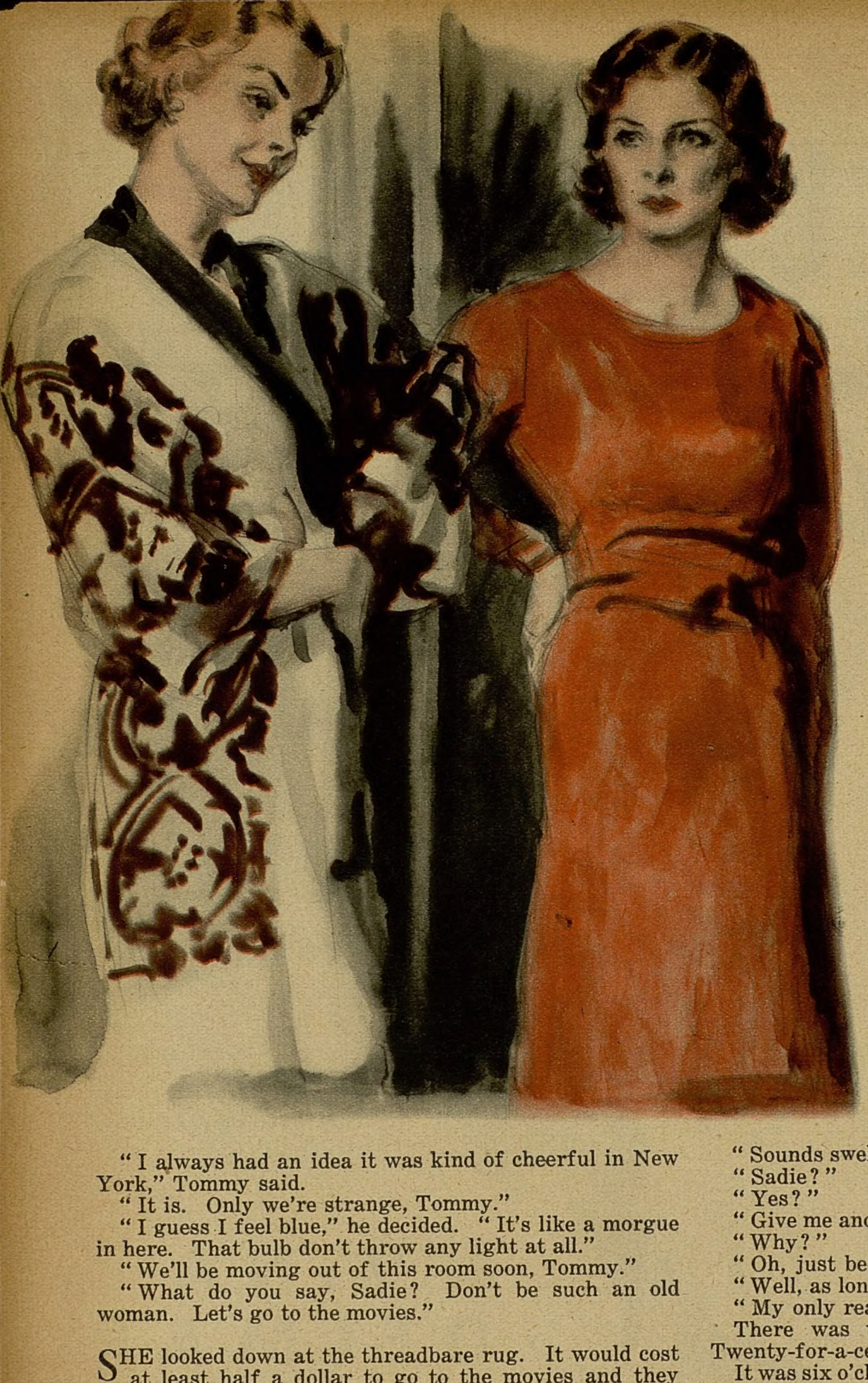
"We shouldn't spend money unless we have to."

"But it's awful just sitting here."

"Oh, we'll probably get jobs tomorrow."

"It's funny here, don't you think? Kind of gloomy and strange?"

"Sure it's strange." She walked to the window and raised the shade. The house that backed up against theirs was probably a rooming house too. Many windows were alight but the shades were drawn. On a top-story sill there was a bottle of milk and a little paper package that might have contained butter or maybe a slice or two of ham. In the building's basement there lived a restaurant. The sounds and smells of a second-rate kitchen filled the air.



"I always had an idea it was kind of cheerful in New York," Tommy said.

"It is. Only we're strange, Tommy."

"I guess I feel blue," he decided. "It's like a morgue in here. That bulb don't throw any light at all."

"We'll be moving out of this room soon, Tommy."

"What do you say, Sadie? Don't be such an old woman. Let's go to the movies."

SHE looked down at the threadbare rug. It would cost at least half a dollar to go to the movies and they needed that half dollar. It would buy coffee and sandwiches when you were hungry and friendless and jobless in a big, gloomy city. But he was blue. She knew the feeling. It had oozed out of the dull yellow walls of the room and into their souls. It came from the miserable little ten-watt bulb and the shabby rug and the barrel of garbage in the next yard. You felt lost and sick, and you ached for something that maybe you'd never had, and you were afraid to go to sleep because you knew you'd have to wake up next morning. You were scared of the bigness of a city where you'd never meet a soul who'd say "Good morning" and call you by your name. You were scared of the hard little eyes of all the landladies in New York, and you worried about the rent that would pile up on your filthy little room. You talked big about jobs, but you weren't sure that you'd ever get one. You thought of beaten, hungry people who'd killed themselves in dingy little rooms. Maybe in *this* dingy little room. You forgot that you meant to grow rich and famous in the big town, and closed your eyes and prayed, "Dear Jesus, just let me get by."

That was how he felt. She knew it. He had asked, "Are we going to stay in this little pen night after night?" If they went to the movies tonight the little pen must be faced tomorrow night. They could not keep going to the movies. The city was cold and you could starve there. They needed their half dollars. Yes, they must stay in the little pen night after night.

"Sadie, I asked you something."

"What?"

"I asked you to quit being an old woman and come on to the movies."

She sat down beside him on the bed. She took his face between her hands and gave him a long, lingering kiss.

"I'm not an old woman," she said. "Do I look like one?"

"No, and you didn't act like one just then. How come I rate all this sudden enthusiasm? Most times you're an iceberg. You—"

HER mouth closing suddenly over his silenced him.

"Tommy, don't you think it's fun for us to be all alone at last?"

"Sure it is, Sadie."

"Well, then, quit yowling about the movies. I think you'd sooner have them than me."

"I would not."

"You act like it."

"You're crazy. I just thought we could take in a picture."

"I don't feel like it."

"O. K. I don't *have* to go. Sadie?"

"Yes?"

"I'm crazy about you."

"Good."

"Do you feel like that about me, Sadie?"

"What would you give to know?"

"Everything in the world. Gee, if you didn't I couldn't stand it. You're wonderful, Sadie. It seems like I've always been crazy about you and I know I will be forever."

"Sounds swell," she said.

"Sadie?"

"Yes?"

"Give me another little kiss."

"Why?"

"Oh, just because."

"Well, as long as you have a good reason—"

"My only reason is that I love you, Sadie."

There was that damn' silly word again. L-luvv. Twenty-for-a-cent lozenges.

It was six o'clock in the morning when Sadie awakened. Tommy's wrist watch, which was fastened to one of the narrow bars on the bed, said a quarter past five, so she knew it was six o'clock. She knew the habits of that particular watch. It was time to get up.

At half past six they sallied forth. They turned up their coat collars and Tommy stuffed his hands in his pockets. Sadie had no pockets. She clasped her hands together and let the worn sealskin cuffs form a little muff for her frozen fingers. It was bitter cold.

"Is it always this cold in New York?" Sadie asked. She didn't have to know, but perhaps he'd feel better if they were talking.

"Not in July," he responded.

"I mean does it stay this cold all winter?"

"How the hell should I know?"

It had been a foolish question. How *should* he know?

They bought a paper at a news stand on the Sixth Avenue corner. They found a lunch room. You waited on yourself and brought your food to sit beside you on the broad arm of a chair. Nothing in the lunch room looked very clean. Not even the customers, Sadie observed. Still, it was warm in there. Very warm. You could smell the nice heat pouring into the place and mingling with the fragrance of hot coffee. The man who presided over the baked apples wore a soiled white jacket, but he had a broad, cheerful smile. The coffee was only a nickel a cup, too. Sadie decided they'd eat there often.

She carried oatmeal, coffee, and a roll to her chair. Tommy brought the same for himself. She did not speak to him. He was a little irritable, she thought, because of the cold. He felt it so badly. After he'd drunk the coffee he would smile and be himself again.

She was right. With the coffee gone and a cigarette lit he said, "We have to get married today, Sadie."

She shook her head.

"What do you mean, no? We have to."

"It costs a couple of dollars to get married," she said.

"I know, but we gotta do it."

She shook her head again.

"I don't think it costs more than two dollars," he said.

"Two dollars is two dollars. We'll get married when we have jobs."

"You and your jobs."

She smiled at him.

"Look here, Sadie, how about your mother? She knows you're here with me. What'll she think when she writes letters to 'Miss Sadie McKee'?"

"She won't. She'll write to 'Mrs. Thomas Wallace.' It's the name we gave the landlady."

"That's right." Tommy pulled the newspaper out of his pocket. "Well, I'll leave the matter up to you, but remember, with the first two dollars we get—"

She nodded.

There was nothing very exciting in the want-ad columns. They looked at the male list first. Two filling stations had ads in for men. Tommy had hoped to find something more interesting than a filling station. He didn't know just what he had hoped to find, but it certainly wasn't a filling station. Still, work was work.

"I guess I ought to look into these two ads," he said. "I wonder what and where Amsterdam Avenue is."

"Someone'll tell you," she answered.

Tommy walked over to the counter to ask the man in the soiled white jacket. Sadie picked up the paper. She could sell hats. Did anybody want a girl who could sell hats? No, nobody did. The Mimi Hat Shop would, however, take a girl who could make hats. Sadie couldn't make hats. She couldn't give permanent waves either, or run a comptometer. But salesladies were wanted. One for silk stockings and lingerie, another for coats and dresses. Maybe. There was nothing like trying, anyhow.

She joined Tommy at the counter. The man in the not-quite-white jacket was just finishing his directions for finding Amsterdam Avenue.

"And where's Southern Boulevard?" she asked him.

"Oh, away up in the Bronx."

"Where's the Bronx?"

THE man grinned. "Don't you kids know anything?"

Sadie shook her head. She looked at the other ad—the one about the coats and dresses.

"And how do you get to Fourteenth Street?"

"You want to go to the Bronx and Fourteenth Street both, eh?"

Sadie nodded.

"Well, it's like this, sister. You go down to Forty-second Street and you'll see subway entrances. One is marked 'Uptown' and one is marked 'Downtown,' and you'll have to get into both of them."

In the end Sadie decided to try Fourteenth Street first. It was closer, and in case it turned out to be a wild-goose chase no huge amount of time would be lost.

Sadie and Tommy separated in front of the lunch room. She was going to walk down Sixth Avenue. The man had said something about employment agencies. Maybe she'd stop in one and register.

"I'll see you back in the room," Tommy said.

SHE kissed him and whispered, "Good luck," and because she was scared of Fourteenth Street and Southern Boulevard and Sixth Avenue she hurried away from him as fast as she could go.

Sadie had a little trouble in finding the coat-and-dress shop. The subway was very confusing, but at least one was out of the wind down there. It was far worse to be lost right on Fourteenth Street and to find that you had walked three blocks, freezing all the while, and that you had walked west instead of east.

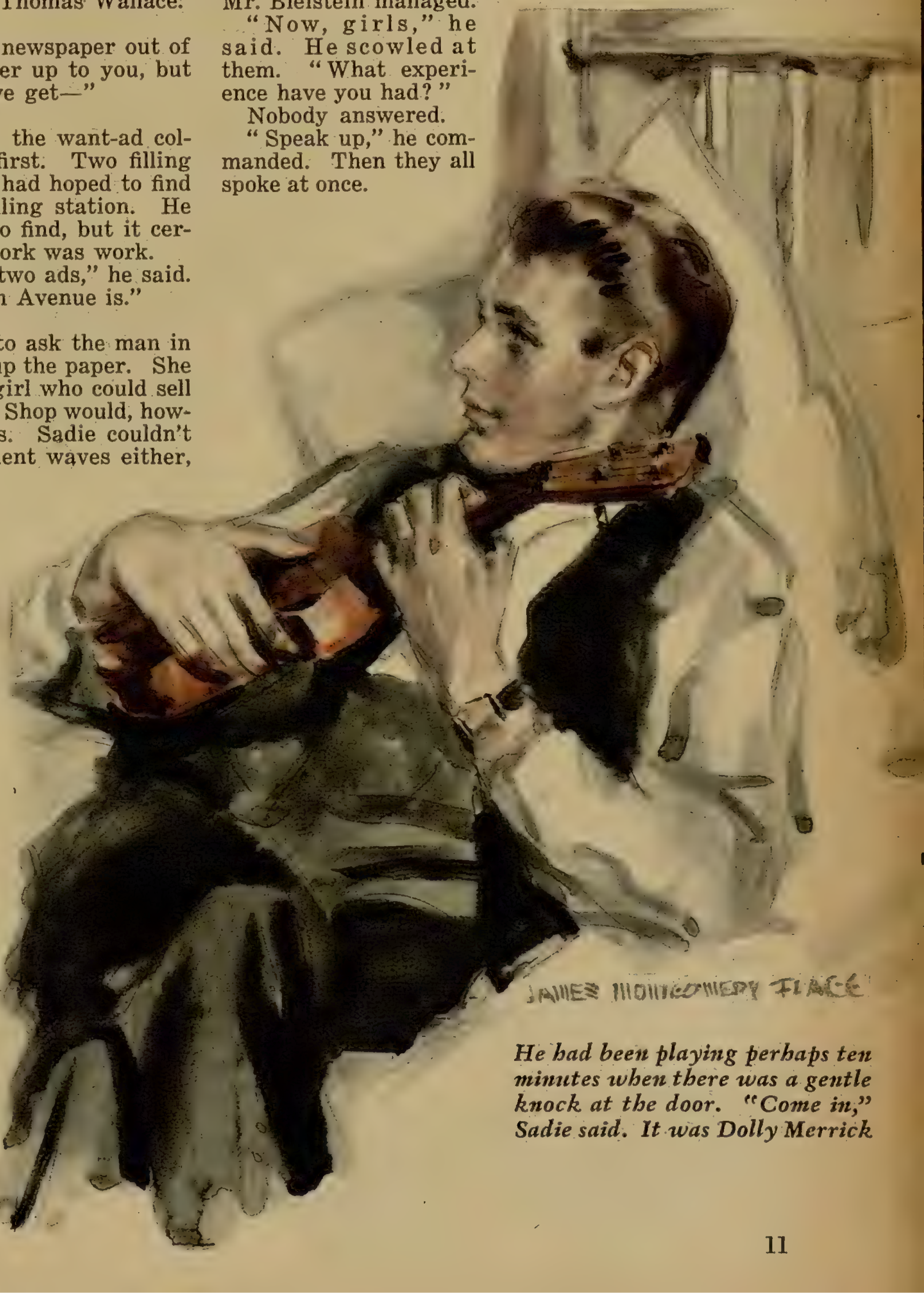
There were at least twenty girls seeking the one job. Sadie joined them and they all waited forty minutes for Mr. Bleistein to come in. When he came he glanced swiftly into the face of each girl, told Sadie and seven others to remain and dismissed everybody else. Sadie wondered what system of choice Mr. Bleistein used.

He ushered the eight applicants into a small office. It took a little arranging for everybody to get in, but Mr. Bleistein managed.

"Now, girls," he said. He scowled at them. "What experience have you had?"

Nobody answered.

"Speak up," he commanded. Then they all spoke at once.



He had been playing perhaps ten minutes when there was a gentle knock at the door. "Come in," Sadie said. It was Dolly Merrick

"One at a time," he said. Again there was silence. He pointed at Sadie. "Where did you work before?"

"I've never worked in New York before," she said.

"I asked you where you worked. Not where you *didn't*."

Sadie told him about Krassen's store and about the fine references she was sure she could get from Mr. Krassen.

He pointed to another girl. "Where did you work?" he asked her.

"At Reigelmann's."

"On a Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you know Mr. Kaufman there?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long did you work there?"

"Two years."

"Ending when?"

"Last Saturday."

"That's funny. I left Reigelmann's myself only a month ago. I never saw you and they ain't got no Mr. Kaufman."

"Well," said the girl, "that's that, then. I was only trying to get a job."

Mr. Bleistein questioned everybody and discovered in the group a girl who could speak Yiddish and Italian. Also English. Mr. Bleistein was charmed. Just what the store needed. Imagine a girl who could speak both Yiddish and Italian. Well, well, well.

Sadie and the other losers filed out. The girl who had been caught in the great Reigelmann deception paused beside Sadie in the doorway.

"It's a wonder that these fellows don't say in their ads what they really want," she complained. "I wouldn't have come way down here if I'd known you had to speak three languages to get the lousy job."

Sadie smiled at her.

"It's too cold standing here," the girl said. "Are you walking toward the subway?"

They walked together. The girl was a bleached blonde. She had one perfectly round daub of rouge on each cheek and a thick coating of red goo on her lips. She was not more than eighteen or so.

"Where are you going next?" she asked Sadie.

"There's a place up on Southern Boulevard has an ad in," Sadie said.

"Yeh, I cut that one out, too. I got it right here in my bag. That's too far to go, though."

"I have to try it," Sadie said.

"The job will be gone by the time you get there. What do you suppose all the Bronx girls are doing this fine morning?"

"That's right," Sadie said. It hadn't occurred to her that there were girls in that far-away vicinity of Southern Boulevard. She had taken it for granted that everyone would start from Forty-second Street. Possibly at a signal from the mayor. Sadie smiled to herself.

"What do you do if there are only a few ads in?" she asked the blonde girl. "You can't stop looking for work at half past eight in the morning, can you?"

"I can," the girl answered. "You could go speak to all the department stores, though, and have them put you on their lists. Then you could go to some employment agencies. I'm too sleepy to bother."

They were at the subway entrance now.

"I guess I'll go uptown," Sadie said.

"Me too."

ABOVE the screech of the subway train in its uptown flight Sadie's companion told the story of her life. Her name was Lola Cotton and she was from Richmond Hill. She had many men in love with her. One was a very wealthy banker and another was an important theatrical producer. He wanted her to go on the stage, but that was one thing Lola couldn't do because she came from a very fine family. The thing she was crazy to do was study art, but her mother objected to it. That was the worst of coming from a good family. As a matter of fact she didn't have to work. Her parents begged her not to disgrace them by working, but she thought a girl ought to do something.

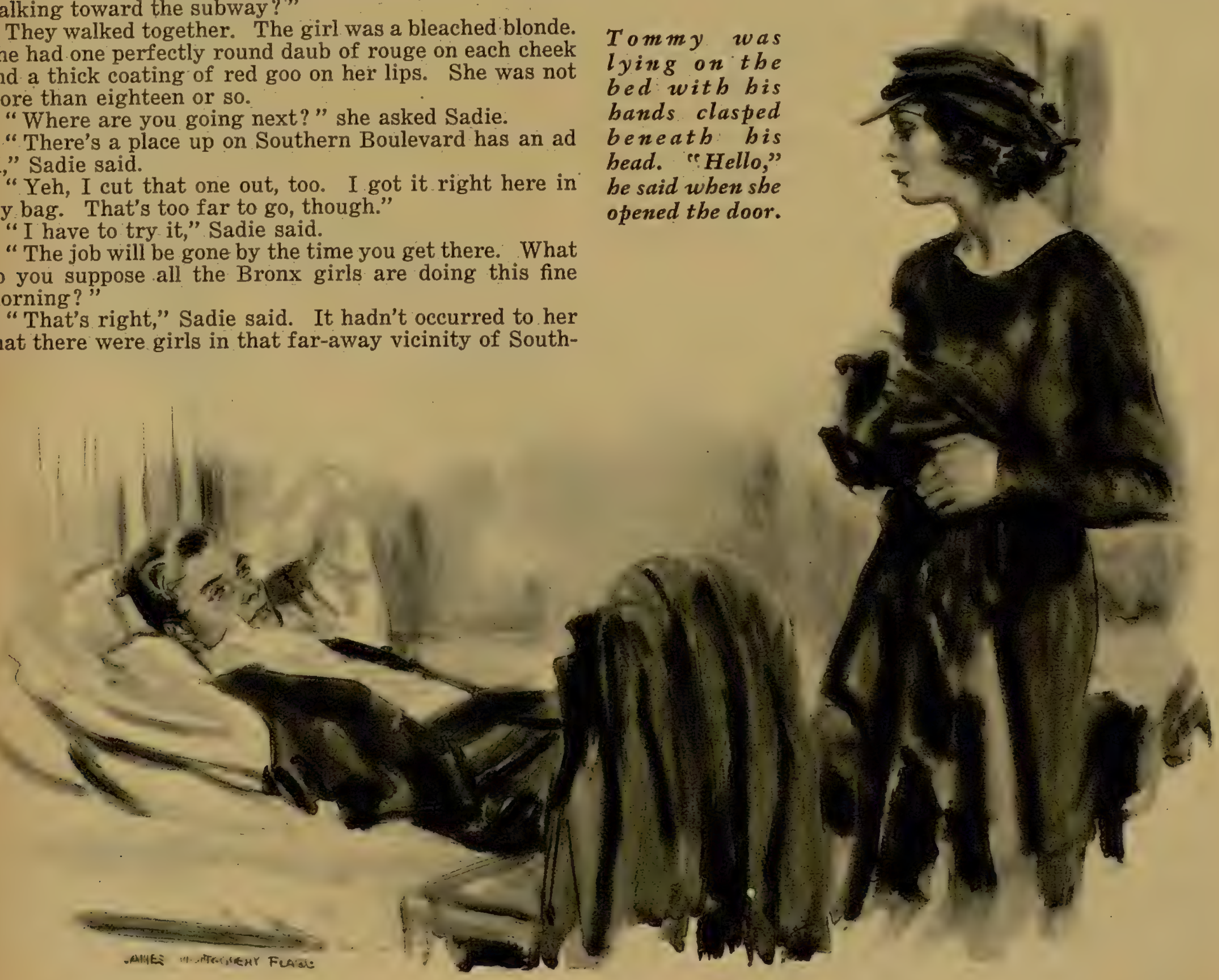
Sadie didn't believe a word the girl said. She had known the Aldersons and had seen many of their guests. The daughters of fine families didn't look or talk like Lola Cotton, and when they wanted to work they studied art or went on the stage.

At Times Square Lola stood up and said, "Ain't you coming?"

"No, I have to try for that job in the Bronx."

"You can't get

(Continued on page fourteen)



Tommy was lying on the bed with his hands clasped beneath his head. "Hello," he said when she opened the door.

PADLOCKED!

for Brewing BICARBONATE OF SODA

IN 1791, a French chemist named Le Blanc found the secret of making sodium carbonate from common salt. For the first time, it became possible to produce alkali cheaply, in commercial quantities.

Thrilled, the discoverer put his life's savings into the construction of a manufacturing plant.

But hands soon to be bathed in a royal family's blood were raised in conservative disapproval. The Committee on Public Safety investigated. It condemned the large scale production of sodium carbonate as pernicious to the welfare of society. It confiscated Le Blanc's establishment and the first fruits of his efforts.

Le Blanc, himself, broken by his misfortune, finally was granted asylum in the government poorhouse. There, unable to face the obstinacy of the world, he took his own life.

YET, Le Blanc's *discovery* did not die. The international alkali industry has survived revolutions, poorhouses and suicides. Probably every reader of this page has baking soda in his kitchen and bicarbonate in his bathroom.

It is that very persistency of young, liberal aggressive thinking that guarantees that the world will continue to go on.

In the age-old conflict between flint-and-steel and matches, wooden ships and iron, brooms and vacuum cleaners, tradition-for-tradition's-sake eventually yields to the youthful concept that knows no tradition.

BECAUSE Liberty magazine is published by such a youthful generation . . . because it is editorially devoted to the liberal-thinking viewpoint in our population . . . Liberty is, we believe, rooted deeply in the most irresistible current of the life of the nation.

HON. STEPHEN M. YOUNG
U. S. CONGRESSMAN FROM OHIO

CONGRESSMAN YOUNG WRITES TO LIBERTY:

"SOME very important articles have been printed in your magazine, and your editorials are always exceedingly well worth reading. It is my opinion that there is a great field for a liberal weekly selling at the low price of Liberty. I know of no magazine with the opportunity to perform real and needed public service that is afforded you by the continuance and expansion of your present editorial policy. More power to you."

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CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Professor of Sociology, University of Chicago
Editor, American Journal of Sociology

PROFESSOR FARIS WRITES TO LIBERTY:

"THERE is no question of the influence and importance to be exerted by an aggressive liberal magazine that can be widely read."

NORMAN B. BARR, D.D.
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

Pastor, Olivet Institute Church, Chicago. Author: A Catechism of the Church; Plain Talks to Young Folk; The Gospel For An Age of Anarchy.

DR. BARR WRITES TO LIBERTY:

"YOUR plans are worthy and promise success. If I am not mistaken, we are entering on an era when liberalism will be more powerful than at any other time in our history."

(Continued from page twelve)

there on this train. Come on."

Sadie followed her out to the platform.

"That train stays on the West Side all the way up. You gotta get a Bronx express. A red and a green light."

"Oh."

"Besides, the job's gone by now. Why didn't you phone and ask them? It'll cost you another nickel to come downtown again if the job is gone when you get there."

It seemed a funny way to hunt a job, Sadie thought. Why go out of the house? You could just sit at the phone and request that jobs be held open till you arrived. Maybe Lola's idea was sensible, but a superstitious streak in Sadie rejected it. It wasn't trying hard enough. Tommy was running God knows where looking for work. It wouldn't be fair to slack on that trip to the Bronx.

"I've gotta go try for that job," she said.

"Well, wait and have a cup of coffee with me first."

"No," Sadie said. "Does the Bronx express come in on this track?"

Lola said that it did. "Maybe I'll see you around some more," she added. "Good-by and good luck."

"Thanks," Sadie answered.

"Sure you won't have a cup of coffee?" Lola was loath to see so good a listener going out of her life.

"I'm sure that I won't. Here comes a red and green. I guess that's my train."

"Well, good-by."

"Good-by."

Sadie got lost again in the Bronx. It was terrible getting lost up there. It was every bit as cold as the downtown sections, and the streets in which Sadie found herself wandering were named instead of numbered.

She found the shop at last. It was called La Marie Shop and a Mr. Krantz was the proprietor. He couldn't use Sadie. He wanted a girl with very special experience in the hosiery and lingerie line and he thought Sadie was too young anyhow; and besides that, maybe his daughter was going to leave her husband and then she'd need the job.

Sadie asked if he happened to know of any other stores up that way that might be able to use her. He didn't, but he suggested that she buy a Bronx Home News and look at the ads.

She bought a Bronx Home News and hunted down two ads. One was for a cashier in a restaurant on One Hundred and Sixty-third Street. It developed that cashiers must be experienced, well recommended, and bonded. The other was for a girl to answer a telephone in a plumbing shop. That job was gone when she got there.

THERE was nothing to do now but return downtown, providing that the subway could be found. After a while she located an entrance and plunged gratefully into the ill-smelling but warmer atmosphere below the Bronx.

It was noon when she saw Times Square again. It takes time to look for a job, especially in a strange city. You don't know the short cuts and you have no system. She made up her mind not to try the Bronx again. It wasted too much time. She was hungry, so she made for the lunch room where she had breakfasted with Tommy. The man in the soiled jacket remembered her. "Any luck?" he asked.

She shook her head.

"Pretty tough," he said.

She got herself a bowl of soup, two slices of bread, and a glass of milk.

The chair which she had occupied at breakfast was vacant, so she seated herself there again and imagined that Tommy was beside her.

A dark, messy-looking little man carrying a ham sandwich came and sat in Tommy's chair. He looked at Sadie. He said, "Hello, sister."

Sadie didn't answer him. He said, "Gee, you're as cold as the weather."

Sadie pretended that she had neither heard him nor noticed his presence.

"I guess that soup's pretty good," he said. "It's certainly taking all your attention. Gee, I wish I'd gotten soup."

Sadie said, "Keep on pestering me, fellow, and you're going to get it."

It was his turn to pretend that he hadn't heard or noticed anyone in the next chair. He just picked up his ham sandwich and moved elsewhere.

When Sadie went to the counter to get another glass of milk the attendant said, "Saw you was having a little trouble. I guess you always have it though. Fellows get kind of gaga when they see somebody like you in a place like this. Say, was that young fellow this morning your husband?"

"Yes," Sadie said.

"Oh. Well, you sure make a handsome couple."

"Thanks."

She drank her second glass of milk, paid her check, and walked out of the lunch room. In a second she was back again.

"Say," she asked the attendant, "where are all the department stores located?"

"Well, there's three right around Herald Square. One on Forty-second Street. One away downtown and a whole flock of them on Fifth Avenue."

"Where's Herald Square and which way is Fifth Avenue?"

"Believe it or not, Fifth Avenue's only one block from here, but of course the stores are scattered all up and down it." His eyes wandered to the worn sealskin coat and the rain-spotted hat. "I'd try Herald Square, sister. Let me tell you how to get there."

SADIE went to the business offices of the great stores. They gave her application cards to fill out but they promised nothing. They would let her know if they needed her. Sadie did not feel very hopeful. Surely no store that reckoned its sales in the millions and employed thousands of people was ever going to *need* her. But she filled the cards out carefully and on each one spelled the word "forty" incorrectly. She had thought that her address would look so much nicer in words than in numbers.

When she had finished with Herald Square she walked up to the store on Forty-second Street and registered there. Then on to Fifth Avenue.

It was after five o'clock when she climbed the dark stairs to the little furnished room. Her hands and her feet were numb with the cold. She was tired and slightly depressed. The shabby little shelter and the dirty lunch room on Sixth Avenue were the only parts of the city that weren't terrifying, and when you got to thinking about it they were terrifying too.

Tommy was lying on the bed with his hands clasped beneath his head. "Hello," he said when she opened the door.

"Hello, Tommy." She went over and kissed him. "Any luck?"

"Well, sort of. No job yet, but maybe. How about you?"

She shook her head. She was taking off her hat and coat and noticing with pleasure that no matter what its faults the little room was at least warm.

"That Amsterdam Avenue job was no go, so I went to the other place that had an ad in. The job was gone, but he told me about another place, so I beat it over there. They have no vacancy but they think they're going to can a fellow there any day now. The guy there talked to me for a long time and told me to come back in a day or two. I think I might click there."

"That would be swell."

"He saw I knew the business, so I wouldn't be surprised if something good came of it. What did you do?"

"Oh, just ran around." Nothing had happened to her that would interest him. He wouldn't care to hear about Lola Cotton or the many times Sadie had been lost that day or of the fresh guy in the lunch room or the lady who was very much like a duchess and had taken her application in the last store. The lady had had snow-white hair and had worn black satin and pink pearls and she had called Sadie "My dear child" and had told her that the store employed only college graduates. Sadie had said

"Oh," and had asked if all the other stores only employed college graduates too.

The lady who was quite like a duchess said that the graduates were certainly on the preferred lists. Sadie had said "Oh" again. She was thinking of all the time she had wasted in all the grand big department stores. The lady had suggested that she go to night school and educate herself. "And," the lady had added, "don't wear satin slippers in the street. It prejudices people who might employ you. You see, my dear child, they think you don't know any better."

Sadie had blushed painfully and gone away without remembering to thank the lady.

"Well, just where did you run?"

"All over the Bronx and Fourteenth Street and Herald Square and Fifth Avenue."

"And saw nothing that looked like a job?"

"Nothing."

"Better luck tomorrow."

"Sure."

Sadie had brought in a pad and some envelopes. She had to write to her mother and assure her that everything was going well.

"Lend me your pencil, Tommy."

"It's in my coat pocket over on the clothes tree. What are you going to do?"

"I gotta write to my mother."

"O. K. We'll go out and eat as soon as you've finished, huh?"

"It won't take a minute."

SADIE found the pencil and began to write:

DEAR MAMA:

This is a beautiful city. I wish you could see it. Maybe you will some day soon. We haven't been here twenty-four hours yet and it looks as though Tommy is already in line for a job. Things look very favorable for me, too.

Tommy and I were married this morning. Be sure and address my letters to Mrs. Thomas Wallace or else the landlady won't know who they're for. . . .

Tommy got the job of which he had spoken on his first day in New York. It would have been a shame if he hadn't gotten it, because he had banked so solidly on it that he looked for nothing else. For a week he arose each morning at nine o'clock, visited the gas station and inquired if the job was his. Upon hearing that there was no vacancy as yet, Tommy would return to his room and read his detective-story magazine.

There was no use looking for anything else because the man had as good as promised him a job. And he had finally gotten it.

Sadie searched from seven thirty each morning till dark, but she found no job.

She had offered herself as waitress, elevator operator, usher, and factory hand, but nothing happened. She was still out of work.

Tommy liked New York now. He

New Facts about Photography

How new-type film now gets 8 good pictures out of 8 exposures. Overcomes cause of picture failures

A STARTLING discovery about snap shot failures was made last year. Analysis shows that the great majority of blanks and poor prints are due to under-exposure.

"Under-exposed" may mean the speed was set too fast or the "stop" or opening was set too small, if you use a folding camera. Or it may mean that the old-style film was too slow to get the picture, as often happens with a box camera.

How to End it

Modern research now brings you a new-type film that enables the average amateur to get 8 good pictures out of 8.

This film is called *Agfa Plenachrome.* It differs from all other film in its unusual emulsion. This contains a special dye, a discovery in organic chemistry used only in *Agfa Plenachrome* Film.

The addition of this dye gives *Agfa Plenachrome* Film extra sensitivity. So even if you under-expose it, this film gets the picture. In addition, *Agfa Plenachrome* has extremely wide latitude. So the danger of over-exposure is practically ended.

Two Things to Do

(1) Write down the name: *Agfa Plenachrome.* (2) Remember that you can safely give this film plenty of exposure.

Here at last is a real all-day film!

Think of it! The film itself overcomes ordinary difficulties. Your prints will be richer, visibly more beautiful!

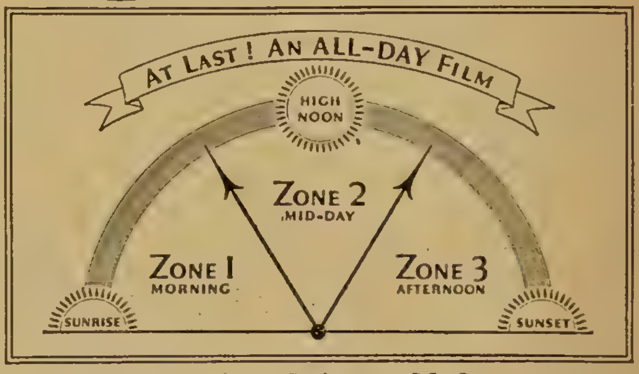
Start now—get 8 good pictures out of 8. *Agfa Plenachrome* Film comes in all sizes to fit all cameras. Agfa Ansco Corporation, Binghamton, New York.

Other Remarkable Agfa Films:

Agfa Fine-Grain Plenachrome (F.8) for miniature cameras. Agfa Fine-Grain Film Cartridge for Leica and Contax cameras. Agfa Superpan Rolls and Packs. Agfa Panchromatic and Fine-Grain Superpan Reversible for 16 mm. movies.

Taken in ZONE 1

Taken at 8:30 A.M. . . . with Agfa Plenachrome, the new-type all-day film. Note the soft, rich lighting and fine details.



Two new zones (1 and 3) are added to your picture-taking day by *Agfa Plenachrome.* In the early morning or late afternoon when the light is soft and shadows are delicate, this perfectly sensitized film allows you to get marvelous snapshots that capture the true beauty of the scene.

Agfa
Plenachrome Film
8 EXP.

Agfa Plenachrome
8 good pictures out of 8

was gay and smiling and the ukulele worked overtime when Tommy was in the room.

Plunkty plunk plunk,
Plunkty plunk plunk,
Plunk-a-ty—

"What are you doing, Tommy?"

"Just messing around."

Plunkty plunk—

"Listen, Sadie:

"I can't give you anything but love, baby,
That's the only thing I've plenty of, baby—"

He'd asked her again to marry him. As soon as he knew that he really had a job he suggested City Hall. Sadie had said no.

"I told you when we had jobs, Tommy."

"But I got a job, ain't I?"

"I haven't."

"What difference does that make?" he wanted to know.

"Lots. Why do you want to marry me?"

"So I can be sure of you."

"You can be sure of me, Tommy."

"But it ain't right for you to live like this, Sadie. It's different for a fellow, but a girl ought to be married."

"I know," she said; "but it still costs two dollars, and I haven't got two dollars."

"You damn' fool. The man always pays that."

"I know, but as long as it's all right for a fellow to live like we're living, why the hell should he pay to get married?"

"Sadie, I think you're out of your mind."

"Maybe, but you can use two dollars for something that would do *you* some good. You ain't earning no fortune at that gas station."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Well, it's up to you."

They had come to accept the little room and the dark, dirty house. Tommy bought a bright bulb to read by and had thus vanquished the dreary shadows that came with evening. He liked the movies, and now that he had his job he went nearly every night to the Eighth Avenue theaters. He went alone. Sadie wouldn't go. She went the first time, to help him celebrate the job, but after that she stayed home.

"I don't like the movies," she said.

"We always went back home."

"I can't help that. I don't like the movies."

"You're just staying away because of the twenty-five cents the movies cost. You're crazy about them."

"I'm not. They bore me. Besides, you can tell me the story of them when you get home."

"Look, Sadie. We'll take chances. I'll go one time and you go the next and we'll tell each other the stories. How will that be?"

SHE did not tell him how that would be. He wouldn't understand. He wasn't scared of New York. He didn't know what it meant to be afraid of walking alone. He would think she meant that she was afraid of strange men or of speeding automobiles. He would think she was crazy if she said she was afraid of walking on narrow streets with high buildings. You just walked like all the other people around you, but you walked alone and you were afraid. All day long you walked alone, small, insignificant, and afraid. And now he wanted her to walk alone at night.

He was smiling at her and waiting for an answer. "How will that be, Sadie?"

"I told you," she said, "that I don't like movies."

So Tommy went to the movies without her. She would spend the evening writing to her mother and telling her of the wonders and delights of being in New York.

She would apologize for having no money to send. This, though her mother assured her that she needed nothing. Sadie's mother was cooking now for the Griswalds and "living in."

Sadie would be finished writing when Tommy came home. He would tell her about the picture then, while she darned his socks very inexpertly, or perhaps she had washed some of her underthings and was returning the ribbons to their proper places. Sadie's underthings were always white. She disliked them colored. She bought black ribbon for them.

THEY always came with pink ribbons, but Sadie changed them immediately. She liked white underthings with black ribbon. Sadie's mother had thought it looked a trifle "fast," and Tommy had gazed in wide-eyed wonderment, and Sadie had no answer for either of them. White underthings with black ribbons just looked pretty, she thought.

It was hard to keep clean in that house. There was no running water in their room. Sadie had to wash clothes practically every night so that there wouldn't be too much to do at once.

She didn't have to iron underwear, but Tommy's shirts couldn't be worn all crinkled and roughly dried, so Sadie made friends with the girl next door and used her iron. The girl's name was Opal Belclaire, or at least that's what she said.

Opal had red hair and she was on the stage. When she worked she was on the stage. But most times she was just around Broadway looking for a job. She had a son ten years old back in Chillicothe and her aunt was taking care of him and writing angry letters because his board hadn't been paid in six months. It worried Opal so much that she had to talk to somebody about it. She talked to Sadie, but she made Sadie promise not to tell a soul that she had a son ten years old.

"You never get a job if people know you're not terribly young," she said.

Sadie looked at Opal and saw the circles around her eyes and the wrinkles around her mouth, and she said, "No, I won't tell a soul."

Once Sadie had thought that stage people were enchanted beings living in a world of soft silks and sinful glamour. She knew better now. Everybody in the dingy house except Tommy and herself were stage people. Some of them were poor bedraggled creatures many weeks behind in their rent. Others were just managing to meet their expenses. She asked Opal if all actresses and actors had to struggle like this to live.

"No," Opal said; "but you see it's only the dregs live in a place like this. If a person gets a job they move out of here quick."

There was only one person in the house who was doing well and that was Dolly Merrick. She lived in the first-floor front room. It was a big room, nicely hung in cretonne. Opal said that Dolly had furnished the cretonne herself. The room cost fifteen dollars a week and she lived in it alone. Sadie passed one day when the door had been left open and she saw a phonograph and a gray-and-gold hatbox, a vase full of roses, and a silky-haired Pekingese who stared at her haughtily. Sadie wanted to see Dolly because she was remembering the soda-fountain fellow's address book.

"What's she like?" Sadie asked Opal.

"Haven't you ever seen her?"

"No, I'm out looking for a job all day."

"I mean on the stage."

Next Week—

BEGINNING

STILL ALIVE

A true epic of desperate men and dangerous women—the amazing but fully authenticated story of a White Russian's pilgrimage of terror through Asia

By Georgei Beloff

as told to

H. Bedford-Jones

Also stories and articles by James Aswell—Vincent Richards—Albert M. Treynor—Edward Doherty—Jerome Barry—and others

"Oh. Is she somebody very important on the stage?"

"More or less. You don't mean to say you haven't heard of her?"

"Never."

"Well, she's a blues singer. You know what I mean? She's been in cafés and vaudeville. She's a headliner. She makes a lot of dough."

"Why does she live here?"

"She's got a nice room. It has a private bath, you know. Besides, she can do as she likes here and it's convenient and everything. Didn't you ever hear anything about her?"

"No."

"Well, she's something to hear about. She's been in more scandals, I think, than any woman in town. She's gotta have every man she sees. Just man-crazy, that's all."

"Oh."

"They say she can't live in good hotels. She got put out of one once for fancying an elevator boy."

"Oh."

"She took him away with her and kept him for a while, I guess.

Sadie was surprised when she saw Dolly Merrick. She wasn't sure just what she had expected, but certainly not a slim girl with golden hair and violet eyes.

The phone in the hall had rung just as Sadie was coming in after a day of job hunting. She had picked up the receiver and a male voice had asked for Miss Merrick, so Sadie had knocked at Miss Merrick's door and said, "You're wanted on the phone."

Dolly Merrick was wearing a negligee of heavenly blue. She said, "Thank you," and smiled bewitchingly.

"She can't be more than about twenty," Sadie said to Opal.

"Neither can your grandmother. Hell, I played on the bill with Dolly in Utica years ago and she had to quit because one of her wisdom teeth was abscessed."

The next time Sadie saw Dolly Merrick it was a week later. Sadie and Tommy were coming in from dinner and Dolly was in the hall talking to the landlady. Dolly's eyes saw Sadie before they saw Tommy. She said "Good evening" to Sadie and was about to turn back to the landlady when suddenly she spied Tommy. She smiled at Sadie then and said, "Cold, isn't it?"

"Who is that?" Tommy asked.

"Dolly Merrick."

"Oh. Pretty cute, isn't she?"

Tommy picked up the ukulele. He had been playing perhaps ten minutes when there was a gentle knock at the door.

"Come in," Sadie said.

"Oh, may I?" It was Dolly Merrick.

In next week's installment you will read of the complications that Dolly Merrick brings into the lives of both Sadie and Tommy.

TWENTY QUESTIONS

1—Who was the first president *pro tempore* of the United States Senate?

2—What is the meaning of the phrase *Vi et armis?*

3—What was the real name of Joseph Conrad?

4—What was the New England Primer?

5—Who founded the State of Rhode Island?

6—Which is the oldest political party in the United States?

7—Was lynch law ever considered other than mob law?

8—Who were the Sand Lotters?

9—Who were the allies against Russia in the Crimean War?

10—Who was the first Governor General of Canada after the confederation?

11—Where is Natal?

12—When was the modern country of Albania founded?

13—Which country has the smallest Jewish population?

14—In what country do the Walloons live?

15—Where is the bulk of the world's nickel mined?

16—Where is Cohoes, and for what is it named?

17—What is marl?

18—Who was Hippocrates?

19—What was the greatest marine disaster in the history of the United States navy?

20—Where was the first artificial-ice plant established in the United States?

(Answers will be found on page 53)

Why should an Aspirin tablet be firmly compressed?
(see page 53 for the answer)

"You Can Depend on *this* Aspirin
It is made by SQUIBB"

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The Case *for*

A Distinguished Insider Replies to F. H. LaGuardia's Recent Sensational Charges in Liberty

By

FRANK A. VANDERLIP

President of the National City Bank, New York, 1909-1919

(Reading time: 9 minutes 45 seconds.)

THE bear in the fable was solicitous for the comfort of his man friend. The man was asleep under a tree. He was annoyed and restless because a fly kept alighting on his face. The bear's sympathy led him to drop a huge boulder on the fly.

There are, just now, solicitous friends of the people who remind one of the bear in the fable. These persons are quite righteously indignant regarding the losses which so many people have sustained in the banking and investment field. They look upon the bankers as annoying and noxious insects, as mere bloodsuckers. They are inclined to follow the example of the bear, and swat the bankers with a rock. They invent new terms of contumely to describe the banker. They picture him as lawlessly preying on society. They lay at his door nearly all the evil results of the world-wide depression.

The situation needs a little deeper consideration than the bear gave to the problem which he faced. Dropping rocks on the banker does not offer the real cure.

This business of banking is an absolutely essential wheel in the mechanism of our modern social life. Business could not be carried on with the ease and on the scale to which our lives have become adjusted, without credit. The crops of the fields and the products of the forests and mines must undergo many processes. In each stage of progress, from the raw material to the article which the ultimate consumer desires, lies the legitimate field for granting credit.

The means to repay such loans are inherent in the processes of production, manufacture, and transportation.

Everywhere we expect ample supplies of things from which we can draw what we desire at whatever time we wish. Someone must carry these stocks of goods. It is the legitimate field for bank credit to assist in doing that.

We wish to make payments at distant points. It is desirable that we carry on foreign trade. The banker is necessary in these transactions.

Less than a tenth of our business is transacted with currency. Banking facilities take care of the rest.

Bank credit is often spoken of as the lifeblood of commerce. Still, there is but a comparatively small percentage of people who ever directly experience the benefit of bank credit. A large percentage of bank depositors never borrow, and many of them wonder why their deposits should be jeopardized by being loaned.

As a matter of fact everyone is interested in bank credit. Practically everything we use has been helped on its way toward us by bank credit.

What is urgently needed is an intelligent examination of our banking system. We have to deal with something quite different from a passing crisis, easily cured. Even the landing of some bankers in jail is not going to be a cure for a situation the roots of which go much deeper than any dishonesty of bankers. It is true that there have been some dishonest bankers. It is true that the sense of public trusteeship which should prevail in the business of banking, above almost any other profession, has deteriorated. It is true that too intense competition led to obviously unwise practices; that ambition for great size did not always develop great strength; that unduly large commissions blinded some investment dealers to the character of the securities they sold.

Those are the smaller and less important branches of the root structure of the trouble. The taproot is to be found in the changed character of banking practice in the last generation or so, which was a result of fundamentally changed methods in the general business structure. The bankers are no more to be blamed for that than are many of the depositors. Both classes were victims of what seemed to be a natural and proper development of our business system, the ramifications of which were not clearly comprehended either by bankers, economists, or the critics who would now drop a rock on the head of the public in a friendly desire to rid the public of the annoyance of a disturbingly bad banking situation.

This world-wide depression with its ramifications has become a life-and-death matter. Patience must be exercised in regard to its cure; and no one, certainly, can find fault with the patience which the public has shown.

Annihilating the banker by dropping rocks on him is not the solution. It is wholesome to search out instances of downright dishonesty and misrepresentation, and offer exemplary punishment; but the real cure lies in a better understanding of the true functions of banking.

Criticism of the bankers takes two main directions. The large banks sold to investors securities which declined disastrously. Banks received deposits which they were expected to return upon demand. When the demand became general, they could not meet it. Banks were being found insolvent in an increasing degree during the last ten or fifteen years. Even when we were at the height of our prosperity the record of bank failures was a challenge to our banking system. Bankers should have recognized this. Many did. But the process of reform in either our political or economic life always meets with resistance. The business of banking was growing phenomenally, and on the whole the banks seemed to be performing their functions well. They furnished credit in a measure that increased even more rapidly than business was developing. While there were many small bank failures, there were few examples of what we considered bad management on the part of important institutions, and we did not recognize the danger that accompanied the intrusion of banking into fields which were new.

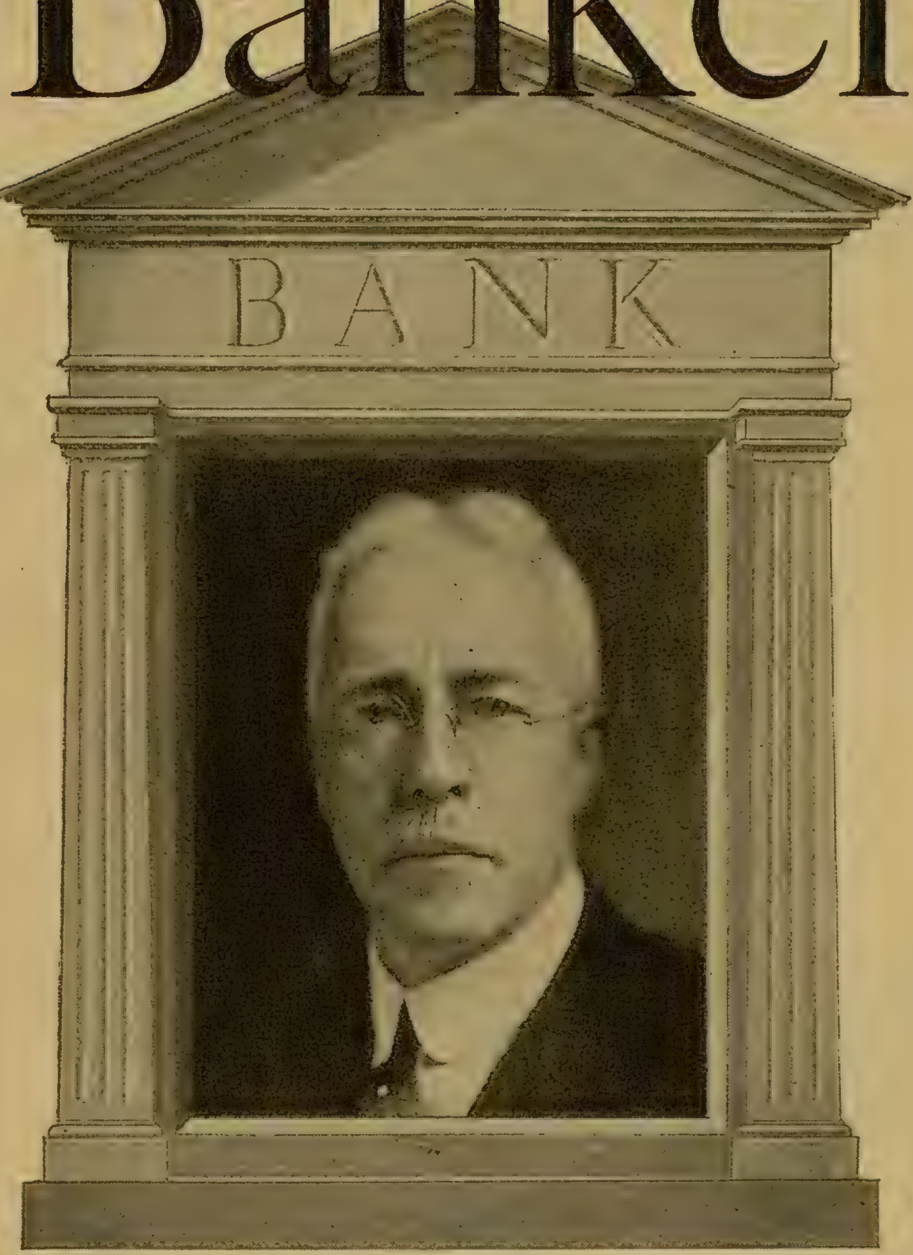
The change which was taking place was the outgrowth of what everyone regarded as among the advantages of coöperation. Business grew too large to remain in individual ownership. Individual businesses were turned into companies in a wholesale manner. Coöperation led to incorporation. The ownership of business came to be represented by stocks and bonds. Those stocks and bonds were widely distributed. They became the main basis for bank credit. The tying up of deposits which were payable on demand in loans against an investment in securities is the chief reason for the banking debacle.

When individual ownership of businesses came to be replaced largely by corporate ownership, and the stocks

the Bankers

and bonds of those corporations were ever more widely distributed, there was a tendency rapidly to increase the amount of collateral loans. The banker was then less concerned with the character of the borrower and little concerned with the purpose for which the loan was to be used. He had security in the collateral which had been put in his hands. If the loan was not paid, the collateral could be sold.

Banking appeared to be simplified. It was much easier to make a collateral loan when merely a glance at stock-exchange quotations established a value for the securities which were pledged, than it had been to know all about an individual's past record for sound enterprise and the nature of the particular transaction for which he was making a loan.


Frank A. Vanderlip, author of this article.

We got far away from the primary function of banking, which is to aid the normal processes of commerce. The banks became mechanisms of universal finance, and the bankers desirous to undertake every form of financial operation. This was not dishonest. It was an exemplification of the American spirit of enterprise, but it was not guided wisely.

All this means, I believe, that we went wrong when we began to combine commercial banking with the business of security banking. Security banking is an entirely legitimate business if properly conducted, but it is not a business to be done with depositors' money which is payable on demand. The ideal banking loan is made to carry a product through some single process of commerce. When that process is completed, the product, in whatever state it has then reached, is sold, and the means arise for paying the loan. Dealing in securities is not in that sense a process of commerce. Money once invested in a stock or a bond can only be regained by finding another investor.

THEREFORE I believe we should reform the banking system so as to segregate the two types of business. Demand deposits that may be needed by depositors on the shortest notice should be used for commercial loans. Banks that accept demand deposits should not become large investors in corporate securities. In the case of the strictly commercial loan, every step is leading toward ultimate consumption and complete payment for the goods. Such loans have what bankers call a self-liquidating quality. There is no self-liquidating quality in collateral loans made against securities, nor in securities which a bank has purchased and holds. Their liquidity depends on a market in which other investors stand ready to buy, and such a market, as we have seen, sometimes fails.

In the banking system which we may eventually work out, I believe it will be of first importance that there be a segregation of the two types: commercial banking and security banking. There will be laid down rules for conducting each type of business, which will be drawn from a clear understanding of those separate functions. In this new system it will not be so easy as it has been to start a new bank. There will be more strict control over establishing new banks. Nor will it be so easy for untrained optimists to become bank officers, who ought to be thoroughly educated for their work.

A DOCTOR, a lawyer, even a plumber, must have a license indicating that he has had particular training. Why should not a candidate for an official position in a bank have to demonstrate that he is well grounded in the principles of sound banking, is familiar with banking law and regulations, and has an unblemished business record?

Most bank officials are really men of high integrity. The exceptions, on the whole, have been rare, although I admit there have been too many. Banking disasters have been far more attributable to economic ignorance—lack of knowledge of those principles of banking which might well be put together in a manual which would be valuable and not infrequently novel to many officers and, quite as well, to many bank borrowers.

Recently some Federal Reserve authorities have made an elaborate study of bank failures and they have catalogued the reasons for them. Most of the failures prior to the last few months have been caused by unwise management. A mastery of this same study would go a long way toward making capable bank officers, and a bank managed according to these principles would rarely, or never, get into trouble.

Banking knowledge is a far greater asset than banking capital. By the time a bank is acknowledged to be in trouble, its capital stock has usually already been pretty well dissipated.

Perhaps in our future banking system we will take a suggestion from the mutual savings banks, which already hold about a quarter of the total deposits of the country. We may have a law that will permit the organization of mutual commercial banks.

The successful banks of the future will compete less avidly, I should hope. That may force them to forgo extravagant profits, but huge speculative profits are not an indication of sound management. Bank officers will probably make less and are likely to know more.

Bank depositors, by wise selection of the bank they patronize, can do much to improve the morale of bank management. Instead of envying bankers who are ostentatiously prosperous, depositors may be led to inquire into the methods by which such prosperity is obtained. When it comes from speculative gain, the security for the depositor is in danger.

THE END

Footlights, Families, and Formulas

Another Musical-Comedy Idea; a Mother Vamp; Royalty in Disguise; and a War Aviator Picture in the Week's Film Offerings

By ROB WAGNER

(Reading time: 7 minutes 40 seconds.)

1 star means fairly good.
2 stars, good.
3 stars, excellent.
4 stars, extraordinary.

★★★ GOLD-DIGGERS OF 1933

CAST: J. Lawrence, Warren William; Carol, Joan Blondell; Trixie, Aline MacMahon; Polly, Ruby Keeler; Brad, Dick Powell; Peabody, Guy Kibbee; Barney, Ned Sparks; Fay, Ginger Rogers; Don, Clarence Nordstrom; Dance Director, Robert Agnew; Eddie, Tammany Young; Messenger Boy, Sterling Holloway; Clubman, Ferdinand Gottschalk. Directed by Mervyn Le Roy.

Joan Blondell, Dick Powell, and Warren William in the film extravaganza Gold-Diggers of 1933.

Rarely does a studio hit the bull's-eye twice in succession. This picture, built upon the same general idea and with much the same cast as 42nd Street, goes after its high artistic record but doesn't quite make it. 42nd Street was a straightaway story of the troubles in building a great musical show; this one is a fairly incompatible marriage of an Avery Hopwood farce and big-production stuff, either one of which could stand alone but with no particular tie binding them together.

Ned Sparks, producer, is on the rocks, the sheriff having pulled his show. Dick Powell, socialite song writer, puts up the money. Hurrah, all the gals have jobs! Warren William, Dick's older brother, is shocked that Dick has gone Broadway, and doubly shocked that he has fallen in love with Ruby Keeler. Warren and Guy Kibbee, the family lawyer, to the rescue! As you may guess, both social snooties have fallen in love, Warren with Joan Blondell and Guy with Aline MacMahon. That makes it oke for Dick and Ruby.

Incidental to this is the show, which excels particularly in its big dance numbers, beautiful extravaganzas impossible in any theater.

Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler are paired as the juvenile leads and are altogether charming. Joan Blondell gets her break in the farce-comedy sequences and delivers splendidly. Kibbee and William do well, but Aline MacMahon clowns her part distressingly. Ginger Rogers is amusing in the opening song number but is not pretty enough to key the show to beauty.

★★★ THE SILVER CORD

CAST: Christina Phelps, Irene Dunne; David Phelps, Joel McCrea; Robert Phelps, Eric Linden; Mrs. Phelps, Laura Hope Crews; Hester, Frances Dee. Directed by John Cromwell.

Now that you have met all the lions, tigers, and pythons of Africa and our best zoos, watch for this picture and get a load of the most carnivorous animal of the human jungle—the mother vamp!

Laura Hope Crews married a washout fifteen years her senior. He died, leaving her a barrel of money, two sons, and a terrific yen for romance which she satisfied by vamping her sons. Gosh, how she loved her drate big Joel McCrea and her dear little Eric Linden! For twenty-five years she "slaved," "sacrificed," and "suffered" for 'em. And did she let them know it!

The story opens when Joel returns from Europe with

Laura Hope Crews, Joel McCrea, Irene Dunne, and Frances Dee in a scene from The Silver Cord.

Irene Dunne, his wife of six months. Mother is "so happy" she starts right in to break up the marriage. Eric is engaged to Frances Dee, and when mother busts them up Frances attempts suicide. Irene blows up, tells mother that she is a bloodsucking old vamp, and that if the boys stand for it they have backbones like chocolate éclairs—or words to those effects—and grabbing Frances she leaves the ancestral home. Joel soul-struggles between sick, possessive mother love and good healthy wife love, and finally hot-foots after Irene. Eric, completely vamped, stays behind to comfort mother.

This is a stage play adapted to the screen, and consequently has little action and miles of dialogue, but it is beautifully done. The acting is superb, Frances Dee's being especially notable because of her youth.

★★ ADORABLE

CAST: The Girl, Janet Gaynor; the Young Man, Henry Garat; the Prime Minister, C. Aubrey Smith; the Detective, Herbert Mundin; the Countess, Blanche Friderici; the Prince, Hans von Twardowski. Directed by Wilhelm Dieterle.

Formula 4-11-44A: A prince (or princess) disguises himself (or herself) as a lowly worker so that he (or she) will be loved for himself (or herself) alone. Formula 4-11-44B: Both royal lovers pull the same gag, and fall in love. Adorable is made on formula B.

Princess Janet Gaynor and Lieutenant Henry Garat attend a servants' ball. Janet is a "manicurist" and Henry is a "delicatessener." Such fun and so romantic! They giggle, dance, and kiss a lot. Janet returns to the palace and recognizes Henry in command of troops. She has him raised step by step until he's a general. Prime Minister C. Aubrey Smith, learning that the princess has fallen for a sausage fellow, orders Lieutenant Henry to act as a counter-romantic and win her away so that she'll be ready to marry a foreign prince. Imagine Henry's surprise and Aubrey's chagrin when it is revealed that Janet *is* the princess! The foreign prince comes, but he's a washout, so Janet marries Henry.

Henry Garat, a good-looking Frenchman who sings well, appears with Janet Gaynor in Adorable.

If this is Fox's answer to Lubitsch and Chevalier, it isn't altogether successful. Henry Garat, Frenchman, is handsome, sings well, but he hasn't Chevalier's charm. And the Lubitsch technique doesn't click very loudly when applied by Wilhelm Dieterle. Janet Gaynor is pretty and sings a song simply and charmingly, but she is too incorrigibly happy and cloyingly sweet.

★★ THE EAGLE AND THE HAWK

CAST: Jeremiah Young, Fredric March; Henry Crocker, Cary Grant; Mike Richards, Jack Oakie; the Beautiful Lady, Carole Lombard; Major Dunham, Sir Guy Standing; Hogan, Forrester Harvey; John Stevens, Kenneth Howell; Kingsford, Leyland Hodgson; Lady Erskine, Virginia Hammond; General, Crauford Kent; Tommy, Douglas Scott; Major Kruppman, Robert Manning; Fanny, Adrienne d'Ambricourt; French General's Aide, Jacques Jou-Jerville; Flight Sergeant, Russell Scott; French General, Paul Cremonesi; Taxi Driver, Yorke Sherwood. Directed by Stuart Walker.

The war seems to have produced but one screen formula. Two buddies hate, curse, and sock each other on the jaw, then at the big moment the meanie goes noble and makes amends for his horrid behavior.

Fredric March is an idealistic eagle who kills to make the world safe for the big stuff. Cary Grant is a realistic hawk who kills to get rid of Germans. (Yes, we're off again on another set of Wings.) Being enemies, they are of course paired so that they can hate, curse, and sock each other. Jack Oakie makes merrie-merrie as a relief to the hate tedium.

Freddie's rich spirit cracks under the soul struggle, so in the old classical manner he harangues against the horrors of war, then goes to his room and shoots out his excited brains. Instantly Cary's soul is ennobled, and seizing the corpse of his former enemy, he carries it aboard his plane, goes aloft, and then comes down—crash! thereby making Freddie a hero "killed in action."

The Eagle and the Hawk is another war aviator film. Fredric March and Carole Lombard star.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—The Warrior's Husband, Thunder Over Mexico, Nothing Ever Happens, Topaze, Rasputin and the Empress, 42nd Street, Cavalcade, The Animal Kingdom, Babes in the Wood.

★★★—Looking Forward, I Cover the Waterfront, Never Give a Sucker a Break, The Barbarian, Reunion in Vienna, Zoo in Budapest, The Little Giant, A Bedtime Story, The Devil's Brother, Working Man, Hell Below, Picture Snatcher, Baby Face, The Masquerader, The White Sister, The Rome Express, King Kong, The Great Jasper, Be Mine Tonight, The Face in the Sky, State Fair, Luxury Liner, The Sign of the Cross, She Done Him Wrong, Grand Slam, Tonight Is Ours, Me and My Gal, A Farewell to Arms, The Son-Daughter, If I Had a Million, The Mummy, The Half Naked Truth, Three on a Match, The Match King.

OFF THE SCREEN—

By HARRIET PARSONS

GARFIELD LEON, good-looking ex-football player now an adagio dancer, is the menace in the Vallée-Webb split. Seems Rudy got jealous of Leon, who calls himself Leon Garfield.

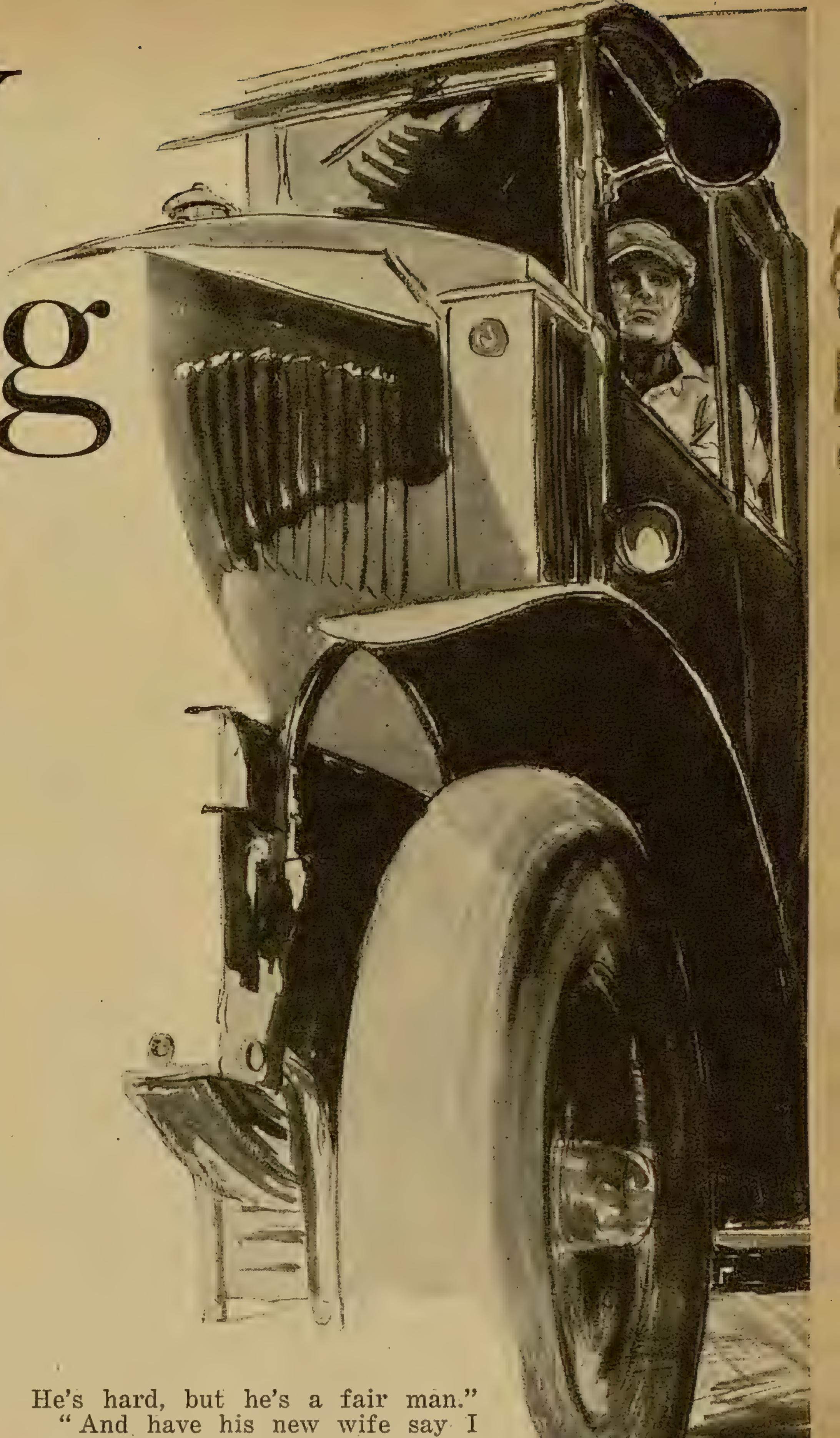
Although Gary and his countess are washed up romantically, the Frasso, stunning since she has lost weight, was on the set every day while he was making One Sunday Afternoon. She and Gary seemed to have little to say to each other, however.

Mae West, believe it or not, has taken to wearing slacks and a turtle-neck sweater. Looks cute, too, when you get over the first shock.

Wealthy Eddie Hillman is turning the thirty-five dollars a week he makes as an assistant director over to the Motion Picture Relief Fund. Eddie, still carrying the torch for Marian Nixon, took the job to keep his mind occupied.

Family Moving North

A Story of Bullets and Baby Shoes, and What They Did to a Young Man's Heart



(Reading time: 24 minutes 15 seconds.)

JOEY didn't recognize her until he had passed. He brought his truck to a sudden stop and got out.

"Give you a lift, Ellen?" he asked as she drew near.

She didn't answer. Just plodded along, head high in the air, eyes unseeing. In her right arm she carried a blanketed bundle; a suitcase swung from her other hand. Joey possessed himself of the suitcase.

"Where you headed, girl?"

"What's it to you?" she panted, making a feeble effort to repossess the suitcase.

"I'm going to take you there. You're going my way, and you might as well ride. Get on in, and tell me where to go."

For a moment her narrow black brows crouched low over blazing blue eyes. Then her face relaxed into a dull, almost sullen expression.

"If you must know, I'm headed for the County Home."

"My Gawd!" exclaimed Joey. "Was you aiming to walk four miles more with that heavy bag and that young 'un? What's the matter with your folks, Ellen? Where's that no-'count man you married?"

"I ain't got any folks. They ain't had nothing to do with me since I married Fred. And that sorry skunk walked out on me four months ago. I don't know where he is."

"Well, get in. No use standing here, blocking traffic."

Joey half lifted the girl into the front seat, then ran around and got in himself. Before starting the truck Joey looked at Ellen. She was arranging the baby on her other arm. Her eyes were soft and tender now.

"How old's the young 'un?" he asked.

"Two weeks today." Ellen rested her head back and closed her eyes. "Joey, I'm kinder glad you made me ride. I'm kinder giddy-headed. I just got out of the hospital this morning."

"Christmas Maria!" swore Joey. "And they turned you out to walk five miles to the County Home? Ellen, why don't you let me run you out to your pa's farm? He's hard, but he's a fair man."

"And have his new wife say I come back with another mouth to feed? Naw. I married Fred to get away from Mamie." Ellen shook her head emphatically. Her eyes were blazing again.

"How 'bout Fred's folks? Won't they help you none?"

"Naw. They ain't never spoke to me in their lives. They hated so that Fred married a backwoods girl. Naw."

Joey leaned over the wheel. He was thinking hard. "Are you sure they can take you in at the County Home?"

"Doctor said as how they oughter."

"Look here, girl." Joey straightened up and looked at Ellen. "I got a proposition to put to you." The girl recoiled, her hand on the door handle. Joey caught her arm. "Ca'm yourself, Ellen. This here's a business proposition pure and simple. Has you forgot we was raised together, Ellen? Rode the same hoss to school? I always treated you fair and square, didn't I, Ellen?"

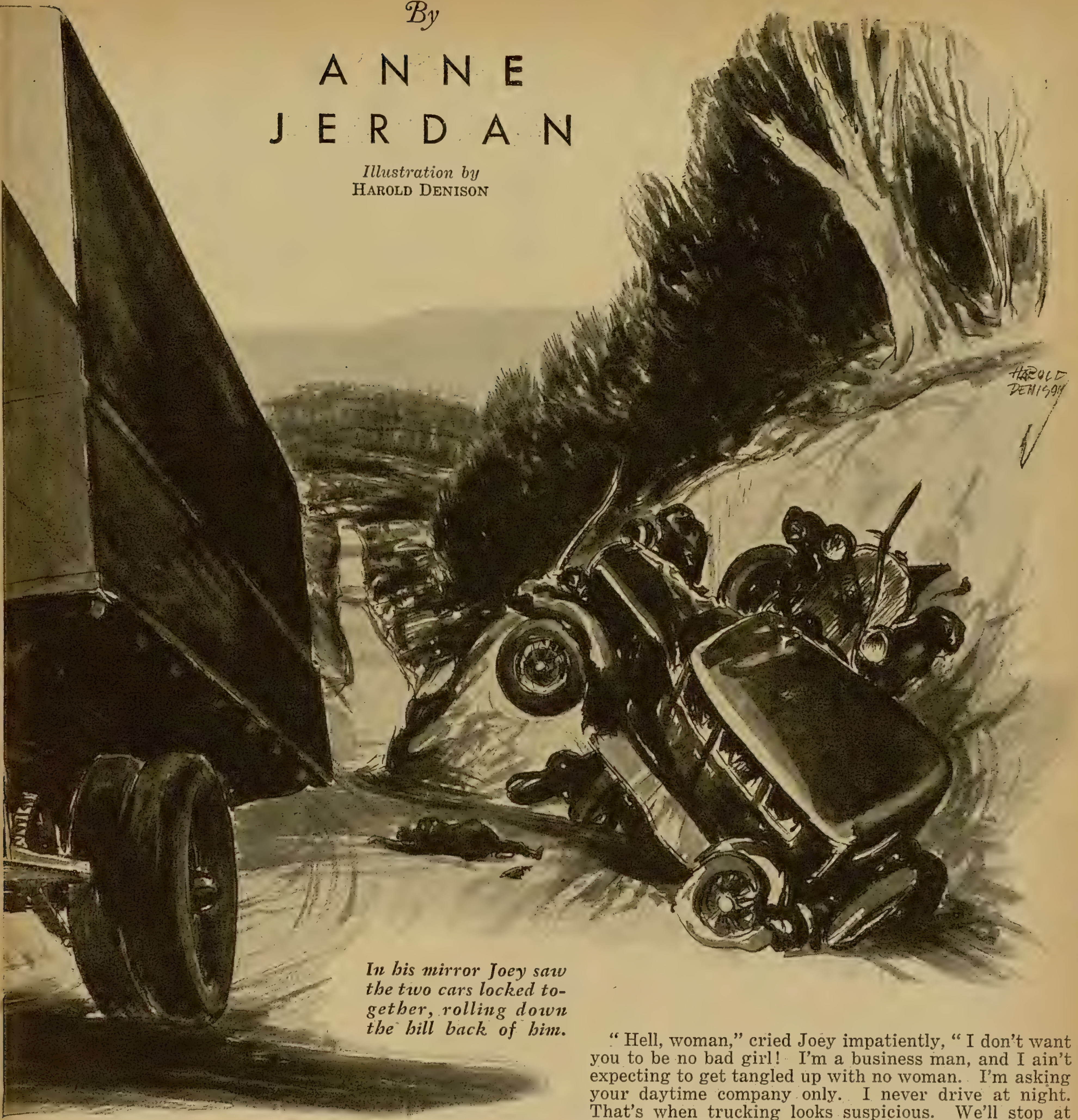
"Well, what?" she asked indifferently.

"Well, it's like this. This is my truck. My own truck, 'most all paid up. Big Bertha, I calls her. I make good money hauling; get two or three hundred a load. Some-

By

ANNE JERDAN

Illustration by
HAROLD DENISON



In his mirror Joey saw the two cars locked together, rolling down the hill back of him.

times, when I hauls for Mr. Nathan, I get from five hundred to a thousand a load. Depending on the size load."

"But, Joey, don't Nathan handle liquor?"

"Now listen, girl. Truck drivers ain't revenue agents, searching a load to find what's in it. Other folks that hires me is just as liable to be shipping liquor as Nathan. Sometimes Nathan ships barrels with ice on top of 'em—might be shrimp. Sometimes it's boxes, with furniture along. Only thing worries me is, Nathan's own trucks been being stopped by the law so much lately is why I get so much of his shipping. And I don't aim to lose Bertha. So I thought I'd hire me a woman to ride up front with me and look like a family moving North.

"Naw." The girl's face was flushed. "You think 'cause I got to live on the county I'm a bad girl. Well, I ain't, Joey Mabson!"

"Hell, woman," cried Joey impatiently, "I don't want you to be no bad girl! I'm a business man, and I ain't expecting to get tangled up with no woman. I'm asking your daytime company only. I never drive at night. That's when trucking looks suspicious. We'll stop at night at a tourist camp. They got 'em all along the road, little separate houses, one room each. House for you, and a house for me. The only reason I ain't never hired me a woman yet is I didn't know any I could trust not to get her hooks into me. Ellen, while I ain't seen you much in the last few years, I reckon you're still straight as a string. I'll pay your board and give you ten dollars a run. How 'bout it?"

"Joey," the girl said slowly, "I guess I just ain't used to decent folks any more, after living two years with Fred. Joey, you always was good. I ain't afraid. But you don't have to pay me nothing just for riding in a truck and having my baby with me all the time. They might have took him away at the County Home. Put him out for 'doption."

Ellen began to cry. Joey started the truck. He drove slowly, carefully. He'd heard that "tinsy" babies like that broke easily. He wished the girl would stop crying.

Women that cried just scared the daylights out of him. He hadn't counted on a woman crying! Maybe he'd been too fast about this. He drove on silently.

About an hour later the baby let out a yell. It was so unexpected, Joey almost ran into a ditch. He slowed down.

"What's the matter? Is he hurting?"

"I guess he's hungry."

"Gosh A'mighty! Want to stop and get him something?"

Ellen shook her head. She was fumbling at her coat. Joey quickly turned to watch the road again, his ears very red.

After the first trip Joey decided it was going to work out fine. The tourist cabins were all equipped with little wood-burning stoves, and Ellen insisted on cooking their breakfast. Another thing he liked about Ellen, she didn't want to talk all the time. She would sit hour after hour, mile after mile, just looking out of the window. Not bothering him at all. The baby lived in its blankets. Everything Ellen did for him she did without uncovering him. They made six trips before Joey laid eyes on him. Then all of a sudden the baby's head emerged from the blankets. Looked like a doll.

"Ain't he beautiful, Joey?" asked Ellen happily.

"He's right pert, to be so young," Joey answered guardedly.

Ellen's face flushed, as if she had been rebuked. She lapsed into a self-conscious silence that, except for commonplaces while eating, lasted through several months. But as the baby grew older he refused to be ignored. He had grown enormously, and was getting "obstrepulous," as Ellen phrased it. He flung fat little arms out and tried to catch the wheel.

"Look at him now, trying to drive ole Bertha!" exclaimed Joey. "Hey, Bud." Joey patted a fat little hand. The baby gurgled.

"Don't he like being noticed!" smiled Ellen. Joey instantly withdrew his hand. He didn't even want to get too familiar with the baby. When you get too friendly in business you're apt to forget to look after your side. But when he got pulled in Maryland, he was glad the baby was not resentful.

BUD was six months old when they ran into Fred. Fortunately Ellen and the baby had gone to bed. Joey found himself out of cigarettes, and went across to the camp store to get them. Just as he opened the door, a car drove up and Fred got out.

"Why, Joey Mabson! What you doing way up here?"

Joey answered the greeting, and turned toward the store. But Fred caught his arm. "Wait. Meet my friend Tony Marano, Joey Mabson."

"Howdy." Joey ignored Tony's half-extended pudgy hand. His head was reeling. He had to get Ellen out of that place somehow. If that dirty Fred found her there with him, he'd never believe anything but the worst. As if in a dream, he heard Fred asking him to have a drink, and himself declining. Fred followed him into the camp store and hired a couple of cabins for himself and Tony for the night. As they turned to go out the camp manager asked Joey, "Did the madam get the blanket I left?"

Joey nodded and thanked him. His face was burning.

"So?" Fred snickered. "Got a madam along, eh?"

"I've—I've my wife and baby along," sputtered Joey.

"You're married, eh? Like to meet your madam, Joey."

"Have you meet her in the morning. She's asleep now."

Tony went out to put up their car. Fred and Joey walked across the swept clearing to the cabins across the way. Joey was so sick with apprehension that he scarcely heard what Fred was saying till he noticed that Tony had stopped his car with the headlights trained on Bertha.

"God, what a beaut! Musta cost ten grand. Wonder whose it is?"

"The truck?" Joey was glad to have the conversation veer from his "madam." "Why, that's mine." Joey looked at Fred in time to see a sly, crafty look slide from his face as if done with an eraser.

"Hauling for Nathan?" Fred tried to sound indifferent.

"Naw. Produce mostly. Load of furniture now and then."

"If you don't haul liquor in that baby, you're a fool. Man could make a sweet living with that truck. How 'bout a partner, Joey? Two of us could get there in double time. One sleep while the other drove."

Joey admitted it, and said he'd think it over, but he was "dawg-tired" now, and had to turn in. But instead of going straight to his cabin, he ran around and got a pistol out of the pocket of his truck. His nerves were rasping. Who'd ever thought he would run into Fred Fentress way up here in Virginia? He hadn't liked the looks of that fellow Tony, and Fred, he knew, would steal the nickels off of a dead man's eyes if somebody put him up to it. There were two of them, and they knew there was only one man on Bertha. He threw himself across the bed, to keep an all-night vigil over Bertha. But no one came near the truck that night. Just before daylight, Joey tapped on Ellen's window, and told her about it. They got away as quietly as Bertha would run.

THAT afternoon, as he turned into the last tourist camp outside of New York, where he usually left Ellen and the baby, Joey told Ellen she'd better stay there for a while. She was furious.

"But, Ellen, it ain't safe. It ain't like you didn't have no baby. What would happen to Bud if we got in trouble?"

"What'll happen to him if you don't take us along?"

"Why, Ellen, you don't think I won't take care of him? I made myself 'sponsible for you-all, and I ain't aiming to stop caring for you—"

"Shut up, Joey Mabson." Ellen's eyes were blazing. "Do you think we's going to be beholding to any fool man? If we got to live on charity, I'd rather it be the County Home. 'Sides, maybe we could get another truck-riding job. Me 'n' Bud just loves to ride in a truck!" Her voice arose as if a sob had lifted it. Her face wore that half-sullen expression that he had seen that first morning he had picked her up.

"All right. If you ain't worrying about Fred, I reckon I ain't either," he announced slowly, and almost gasped at the miracle of the smile that flooded her face. Ellen's smile, Joey finally decided, was like a sunset.

It was harder after that to keep things businesslike. In the weeks that followed Joey found himself wanting to tell Ellen things. He found himself listening to her voice laughing or talking to the baby when her cabin was close to his. He found himself foolishly eager to answer questions when people asked him about "his" baby. He'd never dreamed he could become so crazy about anything as he was about that baby—and Ellen. Slowly but surely the idea formed in his mind to ask Ellen to divorce Fred and marry him. Joey pondered the question, and finally found himself back in Fairmont, missing Ellen and the kid so much that he decided he would ask her on the way back. He always left them at Mount Vestry, up the road, when he went down into Fairmont, where they'd be known.

Produce was scarce this time of the year, so Joey had run down to haul up a load for Mr. Nathan. On his way out he pulled into the Fairmont filling station to get gas. Tommy, the red-headed mechanic, came over and told him, "Friend of yourn asking 'bout you the other day."

"Who's that?" demanded Joey, suddenly apprehensive.

"Fred Fentress. Said as how you're married and got a kid. How come you ain't told us 'bout it? Whyn't you bring the missus down?"

"I will sometime," lied Joey. "Where's Fred now?"

"I reckon he's gone upstate a spell. He said he'd be back, and to let him know was you down. He asked all about you, how often you comes, and if you hauls shrimp for Nathan. He must want a job with you."

Joey drove on toward Mount Vestry thinking deeply. What was Fred doing in Fairmont? Was he spying on him, waiting to catch him with a load of liquor? He almost shivered, remembering that crafty look on Fred's face as he had gazed at Bertha. In his rear-vision mirror

Joey saw a car approaching with a different tag from the usual tags seen on this road. He slowed down and let the car pass him. It was a black sedan with a New Jersey license tag. There was only one man in it, a stranger, but Joey nervously wondered if there were others in it, hidden on the floor. He considered going on up alone. If he was in for trouble, he didn't want any woman and kid in it.

Of course he might be just imagining things, all because he had heard that Fred had been in Fairmont. That New Jersey fellow might be only a candy salesman, down taking orders. Joey lit a cigarette. It was such a glorious day, just the sort of day to ask Ellen the question he'd planned to ask her. And in his pocket was a pair of baby shoes. Baby shoes —first time he'd ever bought any. Baby shoes do things to people. Joey took them out and looked at them for the thousandth time! He forgot about Fred. He speeded up and got Ellen and the baby.

Just above Mount Vestry he thought he saw that black sedan again. Again he had that uneasy feeling. He wished he had a load of sweet potatoes in the back instead of so-called shrimp. He was getting nervous as a cat these days!

"What you so quiet about?" asked Ellen.

"Nothing. Shoes fit?"

"He's been showing them to you for the last half hour, and you won't look. He's so proud of them, ain't you, Bud?"

Joey glanced down at the baby tugging at the tassels hanging from the tops of the new shoes. "Attaboy!" he grinned. "Say shoe, Bud."

"Choo," lisped the child. It was his very first actual word. They all three laughed at his cleverness. Joey took him into his lap to "drive," but he wouldn't stay long. "Choo," he announced, getting back into Ellen's lap so he could lean over and tug at the lovely tassels again.

WHEN they stopped for lunch Joey thought he saw that black car again. It zoomed past so quickly he didn't get to the window in time to see for sure. He drove along slowly, trying to think of some cut-off, some other road to go. He debated with himself whether to turn clear back or not. Most of his money was tied up in this truck. If he lost Bertha he'd have to start all over again. Bertha was all paid up now. From now on what he made was clear profit. But more than Bertha, Joey was thinking of the danger to Ellen and the baby.

They reached the top of a high hill. Beyond the long dip that followed was another hill, and rounding the top of that second hill Joey saw the car again. He felt sure it was the same car, although it seemed filled with men now. Through the back window he saw a blur of faces. Yep. That meant they were waiting and watching for him. That meant trouble. Joey cast about for places to turn around. There were none. The truck was so big it took a "city block" in which to make a turn. The road was standard size, but no more than that. On either side were walls and ditches. All he could do was hurry and try to run through them.

"Ellen," he said quietly, "looks like trouble ahead."

"You mean hijackers?"

Joey nodded grimly.

"Maybe I'm just imagining things, but if I say 'Duck,' you set Bud on the floor, and lean over him yourself."

With that Joey gave the truck all the gas she'd take. They went down the hill flying, and hardly lost any speed up the other hill. Near the top was a curve sign. If they were after him, that was the place, Joey thought. Sure enough, as soon as he turned the curve, he saw the rope. He was thinking fast now. They'd tied that rope hurriedly. It might not hold. He'd run through it!

"Duck, Ellen, duck *quick!*" he ordered, and slamming his foot on the accelerator he shot straight into the rope. There was a sharp impact as the rope caught the front of the hood. The truck lost a moment, roaring terrifically. Then the rope came loose and banged against the windshield. The truck leaped forward with a jerk, and Bud let out a scream. The next minute it seemed to Joey as if

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. . . and she has

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all hell broke loose. Bullets spattered all around him. On the floor, Bud was screaming. He was conscious of men running toward a parked car, shooting as they ran, and that one of them looked exactly like Fred. There was a crash of glass, and the right window fell in. But, in spite of it all, Joey watched the road and fed the truck with gas. They were doing sixty-five. A few moments and they were out of it.

Ellen sat up and took the baby in her lap. " Is he hurt bad, Ellen? " Joey asked pitifully.

" Naw, just bumped his head," she answered cheerfully. She hadn't screamed, hadn't spoken till then. Being shot at might have been a daily thing in her life! Joey was trembling all over, but he held tight to the wheel, because he knew they were following him. His only chance was to make the next town. He might outrun 'em if there weren't any more bad hills. He tried to remember if there were any more hills. They would get him sure if there were.

In his fender mirror he saw they were gaining on him. And then a hill loomed ahead. He groaned. They were done for as sure as shooting. But just as he started up, a car came over the crest. Maybe that would keep them from trying to pass him on the hill. He glanced down at his mirror. God! They were gaining. Zooie—went the car passing them down the hill. And—glory hallelujah! there came another down from the top of the hill. They were down to forty now. It felt like they were crawling. Joey glanced at his mirror again. Gosh, they were right back of him! Close enough to shoot at his tires. But they wouldn't dare until this car also was out of earshot. Bang—bang—bang—but they were doing that very thing! What was the matter with them? Didn't they see that second car? They must be crazy. *Zooie!* The car passed—and then *blam—blewey!!!* Uproar, screaming, explosions, pulling apart of tin! In his mirror Joey saw the two cars locked together, rolling down the hill back of him, like two black giants wrestling.

Joey stopped on the top of the hill and looked back. Bud was still screaming with terror. " How'd it happen? " Ellen asked.

" Search me." Joey rubbed his dazed forehead. " 'Less'n they was so busy trying to pass me, crowding up so close behind Bertha, they couldn't see that second car, and cut out and hit it! "

Joey looked again at the cars twisted together down the hill. His goodness of heart told him he ought to go down and take the wounded into town. He started to turn around, in spite of the risk he knew he'd be taking in every direction, when he saw a car in the distance.

" I guess that fellow'll get 'em," he decided, and shot on ahead. Bud had cried himself to sleep, a big red-and-purple bump standing out on his forehead. Through the broken window the wind was cold, but Ellen always carried blankets for the baby. And Joey didn't stop until his gas was running low. By then it was five o'clock, and an early winter night was settling down. Joey decided to put up for the night.

WHEN he'd gotten Ellen and the kid settled he went to his own cabin to take a nap before supper. But he couldn't sleep. He lay there seeing that little baby with that big bump on his head. Hearing that child crying. Only a little while before, Bud had been laughing and playing with his " choo." He was a fine man! Not only hiding behind a woman's skirts but risking getting an innocent little baby killed just so's he could make money hauling liquor. He was a fine man to have anything to do with bringing up a swell kid like that! Letting him grow up in front of a load of contraband! Well, they'd made their last run. He wasn't going to have 'em taking any more chances. They'd have been better off at the County Home than taking chances on getting shot like they had!

Ellen tapped at his window to tell him supper was ready.

The gas tanks were right in front of the restaurant. A car pulled in, and Joey saw the man doing a lot of talking. Other men came around to listen. Joey finished his supper with one last big bite, and hurried out to see what the excitement was. The man was telling about the big accident down the road. He'd got there first, and had brought in the only two fellows still breathing. They'd died before he'd got them to the hospital, and they'd made him take them to the undertaker's instead.

" Who was the folks? " asked Joey. " Did you find out? "

The chap swelled with importance. Certainly he'd found out. He'd gone back with the sheriff and had helped search their pockets for identifications. He'd written down their names, because he'd been the one to send the telegrams. To hear him tell it, he'd managed the whole affair. Joey waited patiently until the man read the names. He only heard two of them, Antonio Marano, Fred Fentress. So! He hadn't been mistaken. That had been Fred. And now Fred was dead.

ELLEN came out of the restaurant. Joey went over and joined her. As they walked toward her cabin, Joey told her, " Ellen, Fred's dead."

" How do you know? " Then, " Was Fred in that car back there? "

" Yep. I—I saw him. But I'll wire Tommy at the Fairmont filling station to wire me here about it. I'll go uptown to send it."

Joey went back into the restaurant, ordered black coffee, and borrowed an envelope from the lady who ran the place. He put some money into the envelope, and asked the lady to give it to Ellen in the morning, and tell her he'd be back in two days. Then he paid his bills, and got into the truck. As he turned into the highway the road kept blurring before his eyes. The cold wind through the broken window made the hot moisture in his eyes smart and burn. He sniffled, and drove on with gritted teeth.

He hated to leave Ellen like this, but he just wasn't a man for arguing.

When Ellen awakened the next morning and saw the truck was missing, cold despair entered her heart. Joey had run out on her. She didn't blame him. She'd failed him. She'd ought to have sat up, and those hijackers wouldn't have shot at a woman. Not even that louse Fred would have shot at a woman! And now Fred was dead.

The camp lady came bustling across to bring her some breakfast. She handed Ellen the envelope Joey had left. Ellen took it without a word. She opened it. Fifty dollars—her fifty dollars that Joey had been keeping for her.

The last five runs she hadn't spent anything. Joey was paying her off. He was through with her. He was paying her off. Through—

" Come on now, eat your breakfast," urged the camp lady. " Your husband says he'll be back in two days. Don't look so sad about it."

" Your husband, yeah? " thought Ellen bitterly. Husbands run out on you too. Only difference was, when Fred ran out on her he took the last cent she had in the house. Not a cent to buy victuals with. Nothing to eat but collard greens out of the yard—and now Fred was dead!

Ellen's face suddenly flushed hotly. Maybe Joey had left her because Fred was dead. Maybe he thought she'd want him to marry her now! He'd been so dead set against a woman getting her hooks into him. Well, Joey Mabson could go to grass. She'd go to Mount Vestry where they had cotton mills. Mill hands made good money. Maybe sometimes Joey would pass through Mount Vestry, and when he saw her independent— Ellen got up and paced the floor, beating her little hands together. It was awful, awful, loving somebody like that. Big old Joey, so handsome and so shy, and so good! She needed him so. It was like being a cripple and having your crutch taken away from you! But she'd never let him know, never, never!

To while away the hours, she tried to teach Bud some new words. But all he would say was "choo," and he would laugh delightedly when he said it. And that made her want to cry. She kept telling herself she was foolish to wait around. Joey wasn't coming back. But she stayed on, waiting. The second day ticked off its uneventful hours.

Toward evening a telegram came for Joey. Ellen opened it. It was from Tommy at the Fairmont filling station, saying Fred's body had been sent home to be buried the next day.

And that was that.

The third day drew to a close, and Ellen made arrangements to leave by train the next morning. She couldn't wait around forever. After supper, back in the lonely little cabin room, she looked out of the window to find it snowing. She had never seen snow before.

Ellen built up the fire till the little stove glowed red, and sat down by the window to watch this miracle of feathery whiteness. It was getting heavy now, framing the window sills. She leaned her face against the window pane to watch the softly changing landscape outside. It was there Joey's lights picked her out. He stopped in front, and ran to her cabin door. Ellen flung it open.

"Joey, Joey, Joey!" was all she could say.

He opened his arms, and she flung herself into them. He patted her shoulder, his cold cheek against her soft hair, murmuring, "Aw, girl—aw, Ellen!"

He lifted her chin and looked down into her eyes. They were wet with unshed tears—made him think of violets with dew on them. Then he knew.

Ellen loved him! He caught her into his arms again. She raised her face and he bent down and kissed her full red lips. The glory of it made him dizzy. So he kissed her again.

"ELLEN," he said at last, "we're going to get married now."

She nodded. "And you'll never leave me again, Joey? I was so skeered—thinking maybe you'd got hijacked again."

He put his hand over her mouth. "Hush, girl. Don't remind me I ever did anything so low as to run liquor! I'm a respectable traveling salesman now. Went round and signed up with a medicine house to sell their stock. From now on I ain't never going to do anything in this world that might make Bud ashamed to have me for a pa."

As if he heard his name called, the baby sat up in bed fully awake. When he saw Joey, he gurgled, "Choo."

Joey snatched him up, and turned to Ellen. "Ain't he got a memory, Ellen? Talking 'bout them shoes still! We got to raise this boy careful. Oh, and I ain't told you the best.

"I swapped Bertha to a man who'd lost his money and thought he could make it back hauling liquor. Wrap Bud up and come out and see the new Bertha."

Ellen opened the door and stopped, the snow falling on her bare head. She couldn't move, just stood gazing at the camp car, a perfect little house on wheels.

White curtains at the windows, smoke curling from the cap on top, and all around it the snow falling, falling, falling, piling up a silence that seemed to shut them away from all the rest of the world. She felt as if she were dreaming.

Joey picked her up, baby and all, and carried them over to the car door.

"Oh, Joey," she gasped, "isn't it beautiful!"

"I'll say! I can sho' sell medicine from a car like this. I had to get some sort of traveling job, seeing's you and Bud was so set on riding all the time."

"We'll be just like a couple of snails," laughed Ellen. "Everywhere we go we got our house."

"Three snails," corrected Joey, grinning at Bud. Bud grinned back at him until all six of his baby teeth showed.

"Choo!" he announced grandly.

THE END

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KEEPS HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME

The Way of the Law with a MAN

By ARTHUR GARFIELD HAYS

(Reading time: 15 minutes 15 seconds.)

A Famous Attorney Ponders a Postscript to That Ancient Mystery, the Way of a Man with a Maid

FEMINISTS declaim against man-made laws. Yet men give themselves the worst of it. The reason is obvious. Legislators who make laws and judges who interpret them or apply the common law are respectable and moral; that is, when they make or interpret laws. Otherwise they would not be legislators and judges. They also have rigid, fixed, and traditional notions. Among these is one that men are dangerous to women; that men are strong and women are weak; that men pursue and are faithless while women resist and are faithful. Another notion is that men can be made moral by law. We tried this with prohibition. Another is that women can be protected, and need protection, against designing and vicious men, and that all men are such in their relations with women, or would be except for legal penalties.

Thus there has grown up a vast body of law which seeks to penalize men—who are of course responsible—for the jams and messes resulting from the emotions of men and women. There are suits for alienation of affections, though obviously affections are "alienated" only when wandering and willing. There are cases of breach of promise, just as though it were better, or morally sounder, for two people to mate for life when one of them doesn't want to. There is alimony in case of a broken marriage. Theoretically either party may bring suit and the same rules apply, but practically the law works only one way.

Charlotte Gibson

Sidney Homewood

I do not mean to say that these burdens or penalties are always unjust. Assume that in a broken engagement or marriage either party is, or both are, to blame. After all, we are human beings and our emotions are not static. Just call it a failure. In the present-day economic world the burdens of that failure may to some extent be equalized by alimony or damages. It makes little difference who is at fault or who the aggressor.

But there are cases where these considerations do not apply and where it almost seems as though the purpose of the law were to promote sometimes racketeering and blackmail, sometimes the satisfaction of hate or the desire for revenge. A girl appearing mature may lure a man into sex relations. She may be an old hand at the business though under the age of consent. The man submits to blackmail or jail. "Criminal conversation," an old and rather suggestive term for adultery, is a claim of the same nature. "Seduction" is always regarded as one-sided. The man is always the seducer! "Seduction under a promise of marriage" is a criminal offense. Were it not for this law, says the moral legislative mind, bold, bad, aggressive men would seduce women "all over the lot" under promise of marriage. From this our resisting females must be protected. Subsequent marriage is a bar to prosecution. But suppose the girl refuses to marry. She can make a man a criminal—and by her act alone. On occasion prosecution is undertaken in unquestionable good faith and sometimes forced by parents from a quixotic sense of public duty. Even then one wonders what they hope to accomplish.

These are the jurors, all married but one, who found Sidney Homewood guilty of seduction.

Acme photos

Perhaps no case in recent years has brought these questions to public attention so directly as the prosecution of Sidney Homewood in New City, New York. There is no better way of crystallizing one's views than to state the concrete facts.

Before doing so, however, let me recall to the reader that in the Presidential campaign of 1884 it was brought to light that Grover Cleveland had had an affair with one Maria Halpin; that a child was born; that Cleveland did not feel that this should constrain him to marry the girl; that he was doubtful whether he was the father but that he provided for the support of the child, who, incidentally, grew up to be a distinguished professional man. The story was released in Buffalo in July. Cleveland admitted its truth.

(See Cleveland's papers, also Cleveland Bacon to Allan Nevins; Grover Cleveland, by Allan Nevins, page 165. A Republican slogan in the campaign was: "Ma! Ma! Where's my pa? Gone to the White House. Ha! Ha! Ha!")

Had it not been for the "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion" canard in the last days of the campaign, it is very likely that this reflection on Cleveland in the public mind would have resulted in the election of James G. Blaine. But the affair had taken place ten years before and the story was cold.

But to return to the Homewood case.

Sidney Homewood was a young riding master living at Blauvelt, in the vicinity of Nyack, New York. Charlotte Gibson was a neighbor and pupil. Sidney was twenty-four years of age; Charlotte, twenty-three. Their relations had been casual prior to the last year. Charlotte had purchased her horse Starlight from Homewood, and on occasion had entered him in horse shows. Sidney, as Charlotte well knew, was engaged to be married to Elizabeth Bishop, a society girl of good family who spent her summers in the vicinity and the fall and winter at college in Massachusetts. The Gibson family had some social standing in the community. The Homewoods—mother, sisters, and the son—eked a modest living from the riding stables managed by Sidney:

Acme photos

Charlotte Gibson in the courtroom with her father.

CHARLOTTE had been reared in a quiet background and in close association with a devoted father, a New York lawyer. She had been abroad with her family. She had acted in plays at Provincetown, where her family had taken a summer cottage so that she might remain sheltered in their care. Charlotte had never gone anywhere unchaperoned before her meetings with Homewood. In her education her parents identified ignorance with virtue.

At twenty-three she was apparently wholly oblivious of the most elementary facts of life. She testified:

Q. Did you know what intimacy with a man was? A. I never wanted to find out; I had never considered it. . . .

Q. Did you know anything about precautions? A. I knew nothing about it, I never thought about it at all.

Sidney Homewood entering the Rockland County jail.

Q. Did you think that every act of intimacy resulted in a child? A. I didn't know. . . .

Q. When did you first learn about illegal operations? A. When the defendant said to me, "You should have the birth of this child stopped."

Q. Did you know how that could be done? A. No, and I don't know today.

Her parents had never talked to her about sex, nor had she discussed it with others.

Q. Did you ever read about it? A. No.

Q. How did you find out how children are born? A. I don't know, it might have been from watching the animals on our farm.

THIS is a pathetic story. She, a girl of twenty-three, knew nothing about men, nothing about sex, nothing about the birth of children, nothing about birth control! Sidney Homewood is apparently paying, at least in part, the penalty for the dense ignorance which Charlotte's parents thought necessary for a "nice" girl.

In December, 1931, or early in 1932 Homewood had told a friend, Walter McKellar, "Charlotte is getting too fond of me." By February, Charlotte and Sidney were regularly in each other's company, riding, skating, or gadding about—often alone—in Charlotte's car, a small coupé. Homewood tried to kiss her. "I wouldn't let him kiss me," she testified, "but I realized immediately afterward that I was attracted to him."

On February 15 Homewood asked her to become intimate with him at a place called Garnerville, where they were parked in Charlotte's car. "The defendant kissed me and then he said, 'I can't kiss you without getting all hot and bothered. Please don't send me home like this.' I told him he should not talk like that, that it was not nice to talk to me that way, and that, furthermore, he was engaged to another girl, Elizabeth Bishop." On cross-examination Charlotte was pressed as to why she, a girl of high delicacy and careful upbringing, should have been playing around with an engaged man to the extent that he would get "hot and bothered." and also why she should continue seeing him after that.

The date of February 15 was of vital importance because Homewood claimed that it was then that their intimate relations started. The evidence showed that the engagement between Homewood and Elizabeth Bishop had been broken on February 27, when Homewood had taken a trip to Massachusetts. Charlotte naturally fixed the date of the proposal of marriage after that, claiming that this was on March 1 and that this was the date of the seduction. If, therefore, Homewood and Charlotte had had relations on February 15, when Homewood was all "hot and bothered," he would not be guilty of a crime!

A difference in dates makes him a convict.

Miss Gibson was pressed for a specific date as to when her liking for Homewood "ripened into love." Without equivocation or doubt, she fixed the time as of "February 29, at three or four o'clock in the afternoon." This, again, was a very fortunate coincidence. It avoided the embarrassment of a love affair with the fiancé of another girl, and justified the emotion which led to the alleged seduction on the following day.

And now to Charlotte's story of the seduction: Homewood had returned from Massachusetts about February 28. The evening following, the two went to a motion-picture theater and afterward drove in Homewood's car to a place near the Rockland Cemetery. There they were parked for perhaps half an hour.

Charlotte was asked on cross-examination:

Q. Did you object when the defendant parked his car at the cemetery on the night of March 1? A. No.

Q. Did you object when he kissed you? A. No.

Q. What did he say when he asked you to yield to him?

Her eyes filled with tears.

A. He said, "Give me what I want tonight." I said, "I won't." Then he said, "Prove your love for me. There will be plenty of time for us to get married later. . . . If you won't be nice to me tonight, Charlotte, then I won't believe you love me enough to marry me." Then—then I yielded to him. . . .

Q. Did you know what yielding meant? A. Vaguely. . . .

Q. What was the magic word that made you yield? A. When he said he would not marry me unless I gave in.

YARDLEYGRAM

By Herbert O. Yardley

Y★	T	I	L	A	V	N	O	D	W	E	W●
C	O	C	S	P	A	P	U	N	E	R	E
I	X	E	F	Y	N	A	O	F	C	U	M
A	T	M	R	O	N	B	D	R	H	A	M
R	E	T	T	I	A	L	A	C	E	Z	A
N	I	S	A	W	M	O	N	O	D	W	H
I	M	N	S	S	R	W	I	T	W	N	E
R	M	A	G	I	E	A	A	C	E	D	E
E	G	E	E	N	G	B	I	F	P	I	C
T	T	H	B	D	E	E	I	T	H	E	R
R	C	E	V	Y	H	R	N	E	E	H	E
A	H	N	O	T	I	K	S	D	I	T	D

There is a complete message hidden in the square above. It can be found by drawing a continuous pencil line through the correct letters, vertically, horizontally, or diagonally. The pencil lines, when done correctly, will give a symmetrical design. No letter may be used more than once. A clue to the solution of this Yardleygram can be found in the answer to last week's, to be found on page 52. Start at the ● Finish at the ★

The solution will appear next week.

The lawyer insisted upon particulars. "Please!" she cried again. She sobbed, collapsed. Court was adjourned. The jury were instructed by the court to disregard the hysteria. As though any human being could do that! With that outburst the defendant's fate was sealed.

The relations continued. The couch of love was the seat of the coupé car next to the driving wheel. On April 13 Charlotte told Homewood of her pregnancy, but he was skeptical. "If that's so," he said, "I'd better jump a boat for England." Charlotte refused to take measures to relieve her condition and threatened suicide.

Even after that there was love-making on many occasions, in the parked car, at the cemetery. There were perhaps a dozen intimacies altogether, and in each instance, according to Charlotte, Homewood talked of marriage. It was not the emotions and the passions, but *words* that led to her undoing!

Homewood's story was quite different. He admitted intimacies on perhaps twenty occasions but fixed the beginning as of February 15. He denied terms of endearment and discussion of marriage. Unfortunately for himself, he squeezed all possible romance out of the picture. On the witness stand, in a hostile atmosphere, his bitterness and rancor may well have suppressed all thought of any tender moments. Charlotte had pestered him "for dates." She had said, "You think I'm an iceberg. I'll show you"; and at another time, "You think I'm dumb. Take me out some night." An attempt was made to suggest that Charlotte had had other affairs. Sidney apparently had a wrong idea of Charlotte.

THE secret was revealed on June 27. The bearer of the tidings to the girl's family was Alex. When a child, Alex was brought to this country by the Homewoods, brought up and cared for in their home, but apparently he had been evicted because of advances to one of his cousins. He had worked in the stables. Said Alex: "Sidney told me of her state of mind, of how she had threatened suicide, and I thought her father should know of it."

That night Charlotte's mother went and threw her arms about her. Charlotte rushed out of the house and to Homewood. "My parents know all about it!" she gasped.

Here was a tragedy! Her parents, those closest to her, knew about it! This was a typical American family. The older people were beyond the age of temptation. They had rigid ideas. They were Charlotte's public opinion. How she feared them! Probably the best she could do—whether it was true or not—was to say she was engaged to be married to her seducer.

Homewood went to the father and offered to do the "decent" thing. "I know I did wrong, but Charlotte did wrong also." Homewood was to return the next day. He telephoned that there was a "terrible" family quarrel at home and that he would be late, "but I am going through with it and I will be over later." When Homewood appeared Mr. Gibson said, "Why don't you get married now?" Homewood said he could not afford it. Gibson offered to stand the expense, and added, "Time is the essence of this." Homewood postponed the matter until the next day. He then asked for further time. Gibson answered, "No, we had better have it today."

THE testimony from this point on was conflicting. Homewood again went to the Gibson home, told the father that he had not slept and that he had a proposition to make. "I will marry Charlotte and we will go away for two weeks, and then I will return her to you." Charlotte disapproved. Homewood said, "You can make me support the child, but you can't make me marry her." Gibson said, "My lawyer tells me to give you twenty-four hours to marry her."

There was a clear issue as to who had suggested the marriage of convenience. On trial Homewood claimed that he had immediately agreed to do the "decent" thing and had refused only when Gibson insisted that he marry Charlotte and then get out. On this question, however, the probabilities favor Mr. Gibson.

At any rate, Homewood hedged and procrastinated—and this was his undoing. The men on the jury, all married save one, would not approve of a man who wouldn't do the "decent" thing. And it later appeared that one of the jury, Philip Kohler, had once made a complaint arising from the seduction of a sister.

The hatred of Homewood clouded not only the legal issue but the fundamental one of whether or not marriage is advisable under such circumstances. Homewood was found guilty of seduction and sentenced to jail for a term of from one and one half to three years.

What is seduction, anyhow? Are the allurements and provocations of a girl less reprehensible than the emotions and passions of a man? Marriage would have been a bar to prosecution, so the punishment is meted out for failure to marry—a proposition which depends upon the girl as well as the man, and on the varying or conflicting, but uncontrollable, emotions of both or either. The law, founded on tradition and taboo, ignores emotions and fitness and concerns itself not at all with the wisdom or foolishness of marriage. Nor has the baby—perhaps the one most affected—anything to do with the question, for the crime arises not from the birth of a child, which is accidental, but from a promise of marriage which, though made in a moment of madness, is regarded as deliberate. Under our fool system, which stigmatizes a child born out of wedlock, a decent individual would probably marry to legitimatize the baby. Yet this has nothing to do with a "promise of marriage," which, whether made in good or bad faith, constitutes the crime if followed by seduction.

But under any circumstances how are personal relations improved, or happiness increased, or the welfare of society furthered by a public trial and conviction?

The important question is as to whether the law should interfere at all except to impose the economic responsibility of supporting a child upon the father. No law will ever control the emotions. Is it a fact, as the district attorney said, that the matter involves the protection of the chastity of women? That implies a vitality and power in the law that does not exist.

And, finally, one cannot overcome a feeling of the futility of the whole thing—the needless suffering. Homewood may go to jail, but what good will it do anybody to make him a convict? The Homewood family will be without their main support. The Gibson family will forever bear the mark of a public scandal. Charlotte has been exposed to public shame. And, finally, the baby would be stamped, had it lived, as illegitimate and the child of a convict. The child died shortly after birth.

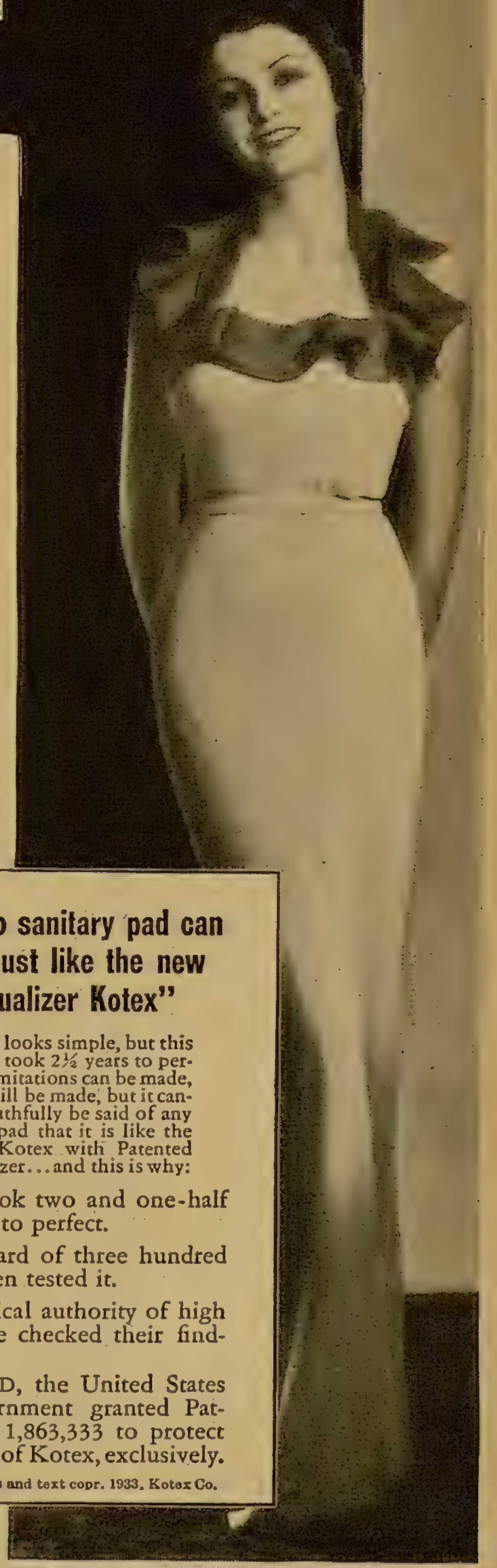
PROBABLY all of these people are just normal, ordinary human beings. Not one of them is consciously antisocial. They have all been broken by the tragedy of a court trial which laid bare the most intimate details of their private lives.

What should have been done? If the parties were in love with each other and wanted to, and thought they could make a success of it, they should have married; otherwise not. Any legal compulsion is outrageous. No marriage should ever be founded on force. In a decent society Charlotte would have had her baby and this would have been accepted as a matter of course. But we do not live in a decent society. We have rules and dogmas and traditions. We stigmatize the child as illegitimate. In view of this, Charlotte should have gone quietly away to have her baby. In order to satisfy the rules of society the child might have been adopted by the Gibson family.

The facts that make Sidney Homewood a felon are not wholly of his own making. Charlotte is not condemned by the law, yet she participated in the acts for which he is punished. Charlotte would seem to have reached the age where she, and not the public (as represented by the law), should assume the responsibility for her own conduct. And if her story is true, then her ignorance and credulity condemn her parents. And all the surrounding facts illuminate the absurdity of our conventions and standards. But Sidney Homewood goes to jail.

This is a crazy world!

THE END



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The Web of the Red Spider

By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK

(Reading time: 17 minutes 30 seconds.)

IN previous articles of this series Mr. Viereck has produced, largely from Red official sources, the world-wide revolutionary program, policies, and organization of the Communist International. He has shown that Red machinations everywhere are attributable to these, duplicity to the contrary notwithstanding. He now goes into detail concerning Communist intrigues, each and every one a strand of the Red spider's web, in the United States.

PART THREE—PREYING UPON MISERY

WHEREVER there is any disturbance or any protest the Communist horns in. Our various bonus armies have had a difficult fight to preserve their rugged Americanism against the insidious encroachments of Red emissaries. The cloven hoof of Communism appears wherever sanguine conflicts occur in farm districts or factories. Artfully Communism exploits real grievances and taints by its support such movements as milk strikes and farm strikes.

Bound by an ironclad pledge to obey orders, Communists bore from within in the army and the navy, in the National Guard, in the American Legion, in the telegraphic and postal services, according to the findings of the Fish Committee. They establish themselves in key positions of innumerable organizations. Perhaps the most fiendish of their efforts is the deliberate campaign to turn the blacks into Reds, and to light everywhere in the United States the flames of race war.

America did not take the Communists very seriously heretofore, because Communism confined its propaganda largely to non-English-speaking groups. Now the unemployment problem has created a new vantage ground for the agitator. It is claimed that there are today eleven million persons susceptible to the wiles of Communism.

The banking situation, it is stated by those in a position to know, was aggravated by the whispering campaign of Communists. In moments of popular excitement a few men working in various centers can precipitate a panic. Detroit is convinced that mysterious telephone calls from Communist sources were responsible for the disastrous run on the banks of that city which finally led to the bank holiday that paralyzed business and brought the United States financially to the brink of ruin.

FREE SCOTTSBORO BOYS

Acme photos

A policeman is mobbed in a Red-inspired racial demonstration on the Capitol Plaza, Washington.

In California a Soviet agent was caught with a Moscow order on his person, showing his connection with the whispering campaign. The fellow was indicted, but the pursuit was not pressed, because a ventilation of the matter in public at that time might have precipitated the very trouble which the authorities tried to avoid.

The New York State Banking Department, according to a report printed in the New York Times in December, 1930, attributed the runs on certain banks to Bolshevist whisperings. This was indignantly denied by the Soviet organ in the United States.

In December, 1930, Novy Mir, a leading Russian Bolshevist organ published in the United States, warned the workers and small depositors that they were faced with the loss of all their savings, and exhorted them to deposit their money in Soviet Russia, where " the toilers' savings are protected . . . and as for speculators, enemies to the interests of the workers, they are imprisoned or executed."

As a result of the campaign initiated here, some American workmen withdrew their money from the American banks and deposited their savings in Moscow.

Communism in the United States is a conspiracy, not a political party. Chester M. Wright, editor of the International Labor News Service of Washington, D. C., secured copies of instructions, issued in code from Moscow to its satellites in the United States and elsewhere. He traces to orders from Moscow the great march of miners from north to south Illinois in the fall of 1932. He makes the specific charge that representatives of the United Mine Workers of America have traced actual money in hundred-dollar bills from known Communist agents to those who are not openly such but are posing merely as rivals for leadership within legitimate organizations.

Strong confirmation of the charges here enumerated as to Communist activities in the United States come directly from Moscow. In May, 1929, Stalin himself divulged what Russia expects from American Communism:

" I think, comrades, that the American Communist Party is one of

How Moscow's Tools and Dupes Exploit the Depression and Strive to Seduce Organized Labor

DEFEND THE SOVIET UNION
STOP ... TERROR ON ... CHINESE ...
CHINA

Police halting a Red parade before the Japanese Embassy. A riot followed.

those few Communist parties in the world upon which history has conferred a task of a decisive character from the viewpoint of the world revolutionary movement. . . . The crisis of world capitalism is developing at an increased speed and is bound to extend to American capitalism. . . . It is necessary that the American Communist Party should be able to meet this historical moment fully armed, and to take the lead in the coming class battles in America. . . . The American Communist Party must be improved and bolshevized. . . . We must strain our efforts to forge genuinely revolutionary *cadres* and genuinely revolutionary leaders of the proletariat who would be able to lead the many millions of the American labor classes into the revolutionary class battles."

Stalin's speech was not published officially until January, 1930. In November, 1932, at the celebration of the fifteenth anniversary of the Red Revolution, Comrade Manuilsky, member of the Presidium of the Executive Committee of the Comintern, boasted of the fact that the Communist Party in the United States "*took the lead in big strikes of Pennsylvania miners and other groups of workers. Recently,*" he continued, "*it took the leadership of the war veterans and organized a sudden series of unemployment campaigns. The movement in Detroit and the big demonstration by 500,000 in Chicago during funerals of Negro workers were organized by the American Communist Party.*"

Unfortunately the American government is unable, owing to legal red tape, to investigate Red plots and conspiracies. The Canadian government is under no such restrictions. Canada, according to Edmund A. Walsh, vice president of Georgetown University, and author of The Last Stand—An Interpretation of the Soviet Five-Year Plan, investigated the Communists for seven years.

ONE document seized in Toronto in August, 1931, sets forth in forty-one pages the most complete technique for a revolution. The same text, Dr. Walsh informs us, holds for the United States. New York is Division II of the Communist scheme. Washington and Philadelphia are Division III. On page 20 of this document there are instructions how to get secret lodgings in foreign cities, and how to cut through the walls between two houses in order to escape from police raids.

The Communists are chided for not knowing how to box and to defend themselves against policemen. "There is evidence from those present on such occasions to the effect that some of the comrades do not even know how to throw stones. It is not enough to pick up a stone and throw it, but it is important that it should hit its target. Now, as long as Communists do not go into any training in throwing stones, such tactics have only a moral effect."

The next paragraph deals with the art of addressing letters in such a way as to mislead postal inspectors. It recommends the use of veiled phraseology. Other pages relate to ciphers and codes and chemical inks. "If you can't get anything else, the simplest invisible ink is made by mixing onion juice and pure water."

There are instructions showing how to turn ordinary strikes into vicious social disturbances. The document cited by Walsh was issued in Moscow by Comrade Vassiliev and sent to all divisions of the Comintern. We may be certain that the orders of Moscow are strictly obeyed.

The Communists quarrel not only with everyone else, but they quarrel heatedly among themselves. Communism would inevitably split into innumerable sections if the Comintern had not proclaimed its infallibility in all matters of political doctrine and action. The following scene, reproduced from actuality, illustrates the manner in which Moscow tightens obedience:

RED flags. The sickle and the hammer. A room thick with smoke. Raucous voices in many tongues. The Communists are wrangling among themselves.

William Z. Foster, Presidential candidate of the Communist Party, and Jay Lovestone, its intellectual leader, face each other in deadly combat. Mr. Foster is a practical politician. During the war he sold Liberty Bonds. Now he is engaged in selling Communism in the United States.

Lovestone, for six years secretary of the organization, insists upon evolving a Communist Party which, while true to the gospel of Marx and Lenin and avowing its fealty to Russia, adjusts itself to American conditions.

Hour after hour the battle between Lovestone and Foster rages. At last Lovestone, certain of victory, demands a vote. The roll call is interrupted by catcalls. After much excitement the poll is taken. The vote stands ten to one in favor of Lovestone. Foster only smiles. He puts his faith in the supreme pontiff of Bolshevism.

Mysterious code messages flash between New York and Moscow. The dice are loaded against Lovestone and his American faction.

Moscow decides that Foster has won.

One tenth of the party calmly proceeds to expel nine tenths from the ranks of orthodox Communism.

We are not interested in Lovestone or his cohorts. But it fascinates us to watch the Red spider spin its web across the sea, and the abject humility with which American citizens accept the domination of the lords of the Kremlin.

Since 1919, when Communism first became vocal in America, more than a dozen Communist parties have appeared under different names.

Originally a Japanese exile, Katayama represented the American Communist Party in the councils of Moscow. The "left" Socialist group formed by him in the United States in 1916 eventually sprouted into the Communist Party. In 1921 it was the Workers' Party of America that carried aloft the banner of revolt. Its official name was subsequently changed to The Communist Party of the United States of America, Section of the Communist International.

R. M. Whitney, author of Reds in America, unearthed the fact that early in 1922 the secretary of the Central Executive Committee of the Communist Party brought $32,000 from Berlin to the United States for Bolshevist propaganda. Subsequently another representative of the American branch received $48,000, also from Berlin, for the same purpose. Propaganda material was sent from headquarters in Berlin in English and other languages. The Soviet Party in the United States was partly directed by the Western European Branch of the Communist International. Now that America is directly represented, the contact with Moscow is even more intimate.

The infiltration of Communists into other radical movements is largely responsible for the failure of a united Progressive Party to gain a national foothold. In 1924 the Communists attempted to sabotage by their support the Progressive movement of Robert Marion La Follette and Burton K. Wheeler. La Follette was too shrewd a politician to accept their deadly embrace. Nevertheless, even the brief flirtation of some of his followers with certain groups under Communist domination impaired his cause irreparably.

The vote polled by Foster and his colored running mate, James W. Ford, in the last Presidential election was negligible. As a result of internecine strife, the dues-paying membership of the party dropped from 15,000 to 7,500, in spite of the fertile field for radical propaganda offered by the depression. The actual strength of Communism in the United States far exceeds these figures.

NOT all Reds carry membership cards. "Communism," as some Bolshevist Machiavelli remarked, "will be built with non-Communist hands." Recognizing that we are a nation of "joiners," their method is simple enough. They call up a prominent citizen and ask him to join some harmless league or other. The unfortunate individual may not discover for years that he is entrapped in the web. Individuals thus entangled form what is called the "Innocents' Club." They supply Communists with moral and financial support. The Communists usually manage to place enough of their number on the executive committee to control the "innocents." The largest of these organizations was the now defunct Federated Farmer-Labor Party. Another important one of a similar type is the American Negro Congress.

Until 1924 the residuary war powers of the government forced Communism underground. Then it was able to emerge. Disturbed by this consequence, Congress authorized, in 1930, a special committee, under Hamilton Fish, "to investigate Communist activities in the United States."

It is possible that some of the foes of Communism exaggerated its importance; it may be that they listened with too much credulity to the reports of dubious investigators. Spurious Red documents were actually played into the hands of the enemy by Communist agents in order to discredit their revelations. The Reds and their highbrow friends ridiculed the purposes of the Lusk Committee. They showered abuse on Hamilton Fish and they attempted to poison the public mind against the National Civic Federation. As a result the activities of these bodies are slighted in many circles.

"Do the Communists in this country advocate world revolution?" the chairman of the Congressional committee asked the American satrap of Stalin. "Yes," William Z. Foster replied. He said also: "The bourgeoisie resorts to every means of violence and terror to safeguard and strengthen its predatory property and political domination. . . . The violence of the bourgeoisie can only be suppressed by the stern violence of the proletariat."

MR. FOSTER cites the Declaration of Independence to justify the right to revolution, even a revolution dictated by Moscow!

In 1924 the Communists polled a little over 33,000 votes in fourteen states. In 1928 Foster and Gitlow received approximately 49,000 votes in thirty-four states. In the by-elections of 1930 the vote was almost 83,000. 1932 saw their total rise to almost 102,000, although the Communists did not get on the ballot in Louisiana, Oklahoma, Florida, Nevada, California, Kansas, Mississippi, Nebraska, North and South Carolina.

No one questions the right of an American party, no matter how radical, to appeal for the suffrage of the electorate. But it is difficult to see by what right a party transplanted and directed from Russia may exploit the machinery of democracy for the sole purpose of overthrowing the American government.

The Communists publish daily papers in Hungarian, Lithuanian, Russian, Slovak, Ukrainian, Yugoslavic. Three are published in the Finnish language; one, the Morning Freiheit, in Yiddish, and one, the Daily Worker, in English. The approximate circulation of Communist dailies in the United States is estimated at half a million. The Fish Committee enumerates between thirty and forty Communist weeklies, semiweeklies, and monthlies.

The batteries of the Communist press are trained steadily upon non-Communist labor. Some years ago, when I talked to the Commissary of Foreign Affairs in Moscow, he obviously regarded the American Federation of Labor as Russia's chief enemy in the United States. He ascribed the nonrecognition of the Soviet Republic primarily to the efforts of Mr. Gompers and his successor.

In the beginning the Communists created rival unions. Subsequently they placed their members in the regular unions with the object of bolshevizing these. When the unions, smelling a rat, expelled the Communists, Foster

Acme photo

A Communist multitude, mostly industrial workers, gathered on May Day in Union Square, New York.

advised the latter to deny their membership in Communist organizations to save themselves from expulsion.

While demanding free speech for themselves they deny it to their opponents.

"A few years ago," says Arthur Garfield Hays, the fighting attorney, "the American Civil Liberties Union had an amusing controversy with the Communists. We insisted that, since we were defending their right of free speech, they quit breaking up the meetings of Socialists and others.

"The answer was that we were defending them because we believed in free speech. They didn't. Therefore they would break up other meetings if they chose to do so, and would still call on us to defend them."

Hays smiled quizzically.

"You will admit that this was a logical answer. However, their attitude has changed. They are beginning to realize that the breaking up of meetings does not increase their following in the United States. Therefore they are changing their policy."

Some of the Communists, testifies Walter White, secretary for the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, did not want the Scottsboro Negro boys saved, but sought instead to make martyrs of them for the purpose of spreading Communist propaganda among the Negroes. The experience of Arthur Garfield Hays and Clarence Darrow verifies Mr. White's statement. Sometime in December, 1932, they went to Alabama to defend the alleged culprits at the instance of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People.

"WHEN we reached Birmingham," Mr. Hays remarked, "we received word that the boys desired the International Labor Defense to take care of their interests." The International Labor Defense is a Communist Party affiliate.

"The lawyer they had chosen," Mr. Hays went on to say, "was John Chamley, Senior, of Chattanooga. Mr. Chamley, together with a New York lawyer named Schwab, came to see Mr. Darrow and myself. They said that they would be glad to have us in the case but that there would have to be certain conditions."

They then retired for a couple of hours. When they returned—I am closely following Mr. Hays's account to me—Schwab turned to Mr. Darrow and said, "We would be glad to have you in this case but you will have to agree to certain conditions."

"Young man," the grizzled old fighter retorted, "it's a long time since people have taken me into a criminal case on conditions; but what are they?"

"First," said Schwab, "you and Mr. Hays will have to repudiate the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People. Secondly, you will have to follow the tactics of the International Labor Defense."

"That means," said Darrow, "that if you want to send insulting telegrams to all of the judges and likewise to the governor to whom we may later have to appeal, you will do it."

"The tactics will have to be left to us."

Hays could not help smiling as he related this incident.

"Of course," he added, "Darrow and I refused to submit to these conditions." The consequence was that they were out of the case. "The Communists afterward claimed," Mr. Hays added, "that we had refused to go into the case because they were connected with it."

Foster's running mate for the Presidential election in 1932 was a full-blooded Negro. Moscow, placing high hopes in the American Negro, organized in 1925 the National Negro Congress, to enlist colored Americans under the Red flag. The Communist International makes every effort to break down the barriers created in the United States for the protection of both races. Against racial inequality colored Communism raises the standard of social equality.

They demand:

1. The abolition of all laws which result in segregation.
2. The abolition of all Jim Crow laws.
3. The abolition of all laws which disfranchise Negroes, or any working people, on the basis of color, or race, or place of birth, ancestry, the lack of a permanent home, the lack of property, or for any other reason.
4. The abolition of all laws which forbid the intermarriage of persons of different races.
5. The abolition of all laws and public administrative measures which prohibit or in practice prevent colored children or youth from attending the general public schools or universities.

The Reds succeeded moderately in the black belts of the great industrial centers. But the Negroes of the South turn a dead ear to the Red International. Several hundred Negroes are dues-paying members of the Communist Party. Eleven hundred participated in the National Negro Labor Congress. The Harlem Tenants League of New York City has approximately 1,000 members. Some 2,000 Negroes are affiliated with other Communist organizations. Small as this number may seem, it is sufficiently large to sow the dragon's teeth of Communism in the soil of race hatred.

In the concluding article of this series, in Liberty next week, Mr. Viereck will show how the Communists encroach upon our schools and colleges, and instruct youth in the technique of sedition under the guise of pacifism.

What Organized Labor Thinks of Communism

By

MATTHEW WOLL

Vice President,
American Federation of Labor

Matthew Woll

THE activities of the Communists within the trade-union movement have caused great concern to the leaders. Had it not been for the alertness, first of President Gompers and then of President Green and of the other influential labor leaders in the American labor movement, Communism would now be a reality in every industrial city throughout our land. The Communists have been and are striving to disrupt our trade-union organizations and are giving particular attention to centers where basic industries are located because their ultimate aim is the general strike.

I have been accused of exaggerating the menace of Communism. Well, in the past we have seen them seize control of our movement in a number of our large industrial centers. They had likewise made great inroads in other of our most important centers. They were dislodged by our leaders in the mining industry, but renewed the battle with disastrous results to the workers. No movement has done more to hold intact our democratic institutions, as we have passed through the depressing days in this valley of sacrifice, than the American Federation of Labor.

Wage earners and their families constitute more than a third of the population of the United States. Should the Communist appeal succeed among the industrial workers, the purpose of the Soviet government to overthrow our republic could readily be achieved. We are not dealing with a shadow. The Communist movement is a concrete, well organized agency. We are dealing with a grave situation—a menace that cannot be exaggerated.

The Communists are not aiming at any peaceful revolution. They are aiming at the dethronement, at the destruction, of our system of industry and government, and they mean to achieve that end by violent revolution.

Secret organizations are perfected. The technique of radical demonstrations is developed. Picturesque marches are organized, especially in sections where industrial strife has been created. Schools for the instruction of the youth in the principles of Communism are conducted. The motion-picture field has been invaded. Even the fine arts are being deculturized in the interest of Communism. In fact, every avenue of approach is cleverly utilized to paralyze our industrial body.

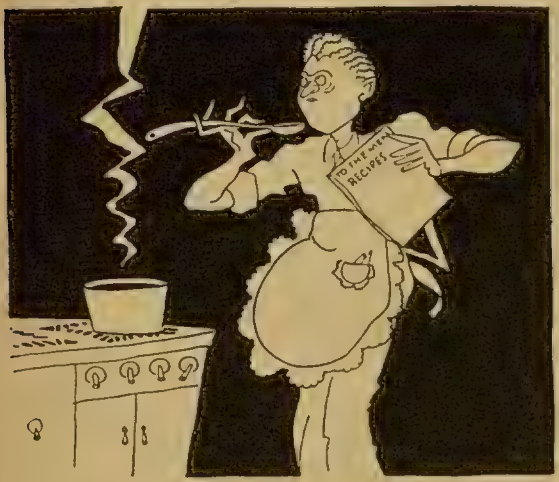
U.S. MAIL
Paderewski

VOX

Boy! Page Beau Brummell

DETROIT, MICH.—Now all we need to make Liberty perfect is a page devoted exclusively to men. The women have their little department appropriately captioned To the Ladies! So why not give us he-men a page with the caption To the Men?

Perhaps you could secure the services of the ex-Crown Prince, or ex-something, to write some instructive information intended solely for those who profess to the masculine sex.



In this department there could be discussed (with absolute assurance that no feminine eyes will dare try peeking) the correct wearing apparel—both underwear and outer wear—for the well dressed lad; how to concoct a dry Martini, a good book to read, the correct thing to say when you propose to the girl friend, and, last but not least, how to prepare a good meal with a generous portion of apple sauce.—*Donald Ray Drennen.*

We Think So Too

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The serial Mike, by Grace Perkins, was certainly a fine story. Congratulations to you and to Grace Perkins. She certainly has understanding.—*Mimi Benton II.*

Sez You!

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Every person who gives advice to would-be writers has at one time or another warned them of the danger of the constant use of "said."

In all the stories I have read, and they are legion, I never found one anywhere which came up to Not Made in Heaven, by Hagar Wilde, in Liberty, May 13, in ignoring this advice.

At the end of the story there are thirty-two paragraphs. In those paragraphs are twenty-five "he saids" or "she saids" and one "was saying." "Saids" so overrun the rest of the story that, should it be read aloud, the reader would sound like an overcharged soda-water bottle.

Perhaps we might start a subscription to present this author with a Thesaurus.—*Helen Combes.*

The Boys from Texas Give Tex a Great Big Hand

SAN ANTONIO ARMY AIR DEPOT, TEXAS—Three cheers for Tex O'Reilly's Born to Raise Hell, and for the best American magazine—Liberty!

It is just a habit among stupid people as well as among educated people to condemn an entire race when a Jew, Greek, Mexican, or Italian violates the law.

On the other hand, when one of these nationalities does something brave, like saving lives or facing death, then the talk goes on like this: Abe saved ten men from drowning; Tony captured single-handed five machine guns and twenty soldiers; Gonzales faced certain death by saving a child from drowning. No mention of their race.

So three cheers for Tex O'Reilly the square shooter who gives great credit to Sam Drebbin, the Russian Jew who single-handed tackled 3,000 insurrectos.—*A Pure Semitic, Aaron De La Rosa.*

DENVER, COLO.—Tex O'Reilly raised a lot of hell, but does he remember when it was raised on him while calling at the Courthouse in San Antonio days? Friendly enemies, not of fortune, lined the leather band of his air-tight derby with Limburger cheese?

His story is great. Keep him at it.—*O. H. Yeaman.*

A German Comes to the Defense of the Nazi Régime and Says Bercovici Is All Wrong

NEW YORK CITY—Konrad Bercovici—the author of the article, I Saw What the Nazis Did to the Jews, in Liberty of May 6—seems to feel called upon to join in the propaganda against Germany.

No one knows the multitude of outright lies and gross exaggerations of his article any better than Mr. Bercovici himself.

Wm. Bracht

As I have traveled in Germany during the greater part of Papen's and Schleicher's chancellorships I know the conditions prevailing at that time. During my stay the members of the Nazi storm troops were not armed; they merely wore uniforms.

I should like to have seen one of the tens of millions of illustrated post cards distributed by the Nazis to the illiterate and the children. Unfortunately I didn't.

But why choose that class of people when there are but three illiterates in every 10,000 adults in Germany against about half of the total population in the country Mr. Bercovici came from.—*Wm. Bracht.*

The American Legion Answer to Dr. Lane's Attack on Their Policy in Vox Pop

MAPLEWOOD, N. J.—Dr. John D. Lane's contribution to Vox Pop of May 27 wherein he refers to the American Legion as "robbing the country blind" through fraudulent veterans' claims is most unkind, not to mention unjust, and is deeply resented by the writer, who is an active Legionnaire.

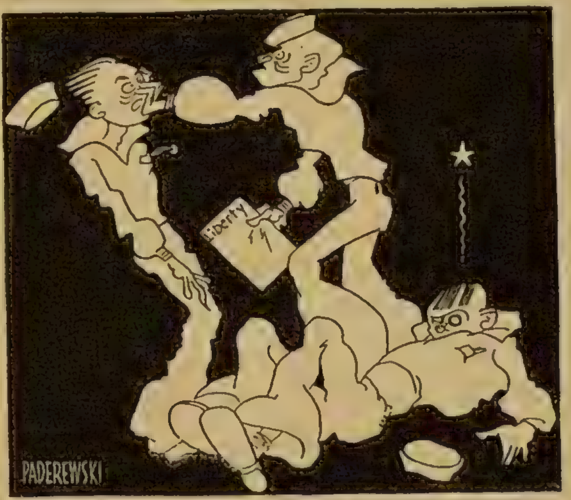
R. Graham Huntington

In the first place, it is common knowledge that the non-service disability legislation was not sponsored by the American Legion; it was purely an attempt by politicians to capture votes—a political football! In the second place, let me remind Dr. Lane that every application for any claim whatsoever required the approval of a member of his profession, some of whom sold their signatures for a few measly dollars. Fraud? Absolutely. Not only on the part of some chiseling veterans but also of some unscrupulous physicians. In the third place, the doctor might be charitable enough to make reference to veterans as a whole—not single out the Legion for his slur. The government's budget for veterans' claims and compensation covered also veterans of other wars and their dependents, some of whose claims might also be questioned according to history, which goes to show that we always find some chiselers.—*R. Graham Huntington, Post Seventy-three.*

Wild Life in Haiti

FIELD HOSPITAL, PORT AU PRINCE, HAITI—I sincerely believe that Liberty Magazine is the best of its class ever published.

I can tell you that wherever there is an American sailor in the world, there also is Liberty Magazine. In fact they like it so well, every time I buy one I have to fight my shipmates off so I can read it.—*Ray Wingham.*



POP

VOX POP EDITOR
U.S. MA

Here's Your Chance, Albert

SYDNEY, N. S.—We down-easters have every right to resent the letter of Boston Albert in the April fifteenth Vox Pop.

Perhaps Albert does not realize that it is considered an honor to be called a bluenose—for that is the name of the best boat in the North Atlantic fishing fleet. His comments on the herring-chokers and prewar clothing we ignore as being too idiotic and ignorant to bother about.

Perhaps, as a gentleman here remarked, there are some unemployed people (like Albert) who would like to come here and drive a fish wagon—if allowed.—*Sadie H. MacDonald.*

Mulford Knows His Squads East and West, Buddie

BATH, N. Y.—Permit me to congratulate Liberty and artist Stockton Mulford for the appropriate cover design which I found on your Memorial Day issue, dated June 3, 1933.

It strikes me that the artist must really be an ex-service man himself to be the creator of such an excellent, true-to-life masterpiece.

All the members here in my company enjoyed a hearty laugh upon seeing Mulford's clever sketch, so I cut it out to paste on my locker.—*Clarence Nelson Burlew, Veterans Administration Home, Company Three.*

This Would Indicate that Canada Has a Real Banking System

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—A comparison of the United States and Canadian banking systems which I have compiled for my own use may be of interest to Liberty readers.

The facts are:

Bank failures in the United States in the past twelve years approximated 10,000, with liabilities of over four billion dollars. Only one in Canada, with liabilities of about $18,500.

Number of banks in the United States, about 20,000. In Canada, ten. Branch banks in the United States are few and then only city- or state-wide. In Canada 4,000, located in all parts of the Dominion.

In the United States there are forty-eight state systems, a national banking system, and the Federal Reserve. In Canada, one type of bank chartered by the Dominion government. In the United States the banks are divided into fifty systems, and in Canada one system. This allows the former to maintain a policy of overexpansion without regard to financial strength, while in Canada the central policy prevents overexpansion in rapidly growing cities.

The American banks are local, while those of Canada maintain branches in the United States, England, and the West Indies.

Loans in the former are restricted by locality, while the latter are diversified by territory covered.

In the issuing of notes the United States banks are centralized through the Federal Reserve banks. In Canada all ten banks issue notes with special legislation protecting all Canadian bank issues.

The business of banks in the United States is commercial banking, investments, sale of securities, and trusts. In Canada, only commercial business and short-term notes. No Canadian bank may sell securities.

Some banks in the United States are capitalized as low as $7,500. In Canada the capital must be $500,000, of which $250,000 is paid in.—*M. C. Long.*

The Answer to Both Is "No"; Judges Do Not Know Addresses Until Winners Are Selected

LOUISVILLE, KY.—Your magazine is known this country over as a square shooter.

You can clear the atmosphere for Liberty contest fans by answering the following questions:

Are prizes scattered geographically?

Are former winners now discriminated against?—*Lee Hamilton.*

Lee Hamilton

An Even Break to the Other Side

LLANO, TEXAS—After reading several of the articles in your magazine titled The Truth about My Life, by the Crown Prince Wilhelm, I have to my entire satisfaction come to the conclusion that this article is the rankest kind of *propaganda*, put out with a view to help America prepare itself for the return of the Hohenzollerns to power. It can scarcely be otherwise, and I dare say this is the conclusion reached by every red-blooded American. Why, in the name of common sense, does your magazine permit the publication of such matter in its columns? Can it be for pay?—*T. Y. Hill.*

Liberty
America's Best Read Weekly

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Contributors are especially advised to be sure to retain copies of their contributions, otherwise they are taking an unnecessary risk. Every possible effort will be made to return unavailable manuscripts, photographs, and drawings (if accompanied by postage), but we will not be responsible for any losses of such matter contributed.

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Not According to Hoyle

By

EUGENE JONES

Illustrations by DELOS PALMER

The Story of a Derelict, a Dog, and a Gamble on Human Nature

(Reading time: 30 minutes 5 seconds.)

SUPERINTENDENT BOLES, ranking next in authority to God Almighty on the Mountain Division of the T. C. & W., saw the crossing gates go down in front of him and placed his elephantine foot on the exceedingly small brake pedal of his car.

Before him was the Butte City crossing with its slim white gates and its ancient gateman at the cranks; while in the distance came the charging bulk of the Limited's engine with a white plume of steam swaying backward from her whistle. Also before him he noted the usual heterogeneous collection of halted traffic—a milk wagon, several pedestrians, a small dog. Nothing wrong, no hint of what Fate had planned for the following moment.

Boles made it a point to chat with his gateman whenever the opportunity arose; and so, finding himself parked behind the milk wagon, he hoisted some two hundred pounds of superintendent out of his car and walked over toward the shack. Plenty of time for a word with old Mike while the Limited thundered through. Besides, Boles gloried in watching that crack train. He had nursed it to maturity from a doddering atrocity of decrepit coaches and wooden Pullmans; had fought and sweated for heavier iron, better ties, improved right of way. Boles, and no other, had been behind the purchase of those mammoth Pacific-type engines that grinned at grades; and it was Boles who had banned anything but all-steel equipment. No wonder he liked to stand there with the enthusiasm of a kid while this last word in transcontinental transportation passed in review.

But Boles never quite reached the gateman's shack. He stopped abruptly, something tight in his throat, as he saw a small dog trot under the gates and pause between the rails.

A man leaning against the gates called out thickly, "Hey, you, c'me back here."

But the puppy merely cocked an ear toward his master's voice and sat down on the cinders to scratch. With the Limited not far off, remember!

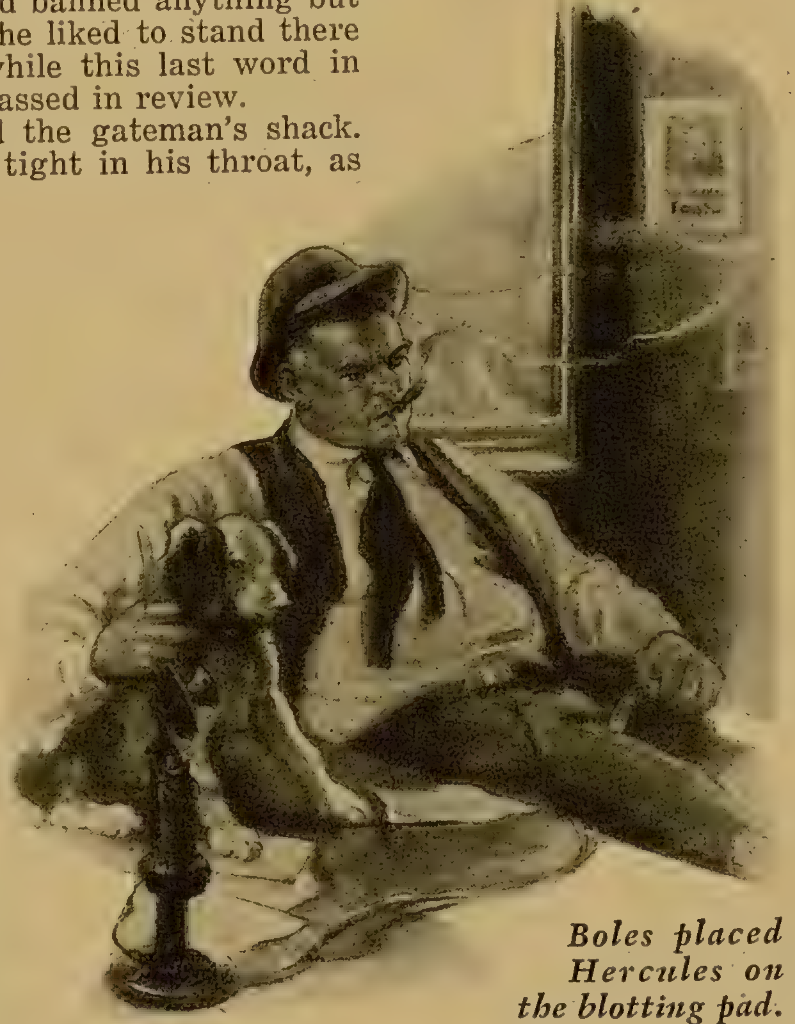
"Hey!" repeated the man, sudden fear in his voice.

And it was then Boles realized the man was very drunk. Somebody whistled shrilly; another voice pleaded, "Here, pup; come here, pup," even as the ground trembled under the impact of hurtling tons.

Before either Boles or the gateman could interfere the drunken man stooped, staggered under the gates, and stumbled to the right of way, pawing for the dog. His foot struck a tie, he went down in a sodden heap, the puppy in his arms—but his arms and shoulders across the rails. He made a weak effort to get up, only to sprawl helplessly.

Opening with a shriek, the Limited's whistle screamed its warning while a white-faced hoghead gave her all he had. Drawheads crashed; dishes scuttled from the tables in the diner; Pullmans hung back, surged forward, and hung back again as sparks poured in streams from gripping brake shoes; and a new thrashing sound grew out of the chaos—the engine in reverse motion. But no power on earth or in heaven could halt that train in time. Not with the drunken man almost under the pony truck.

Boles, built like a hippopotamus, didn't look as if he could move fast, the size and flabbiness of him arguing against it. And yet it was Superintendent Boles who went under those gates like a charging elephant. Boles, beloved by the whole division, apparently giving his life for a drunk and a dog.



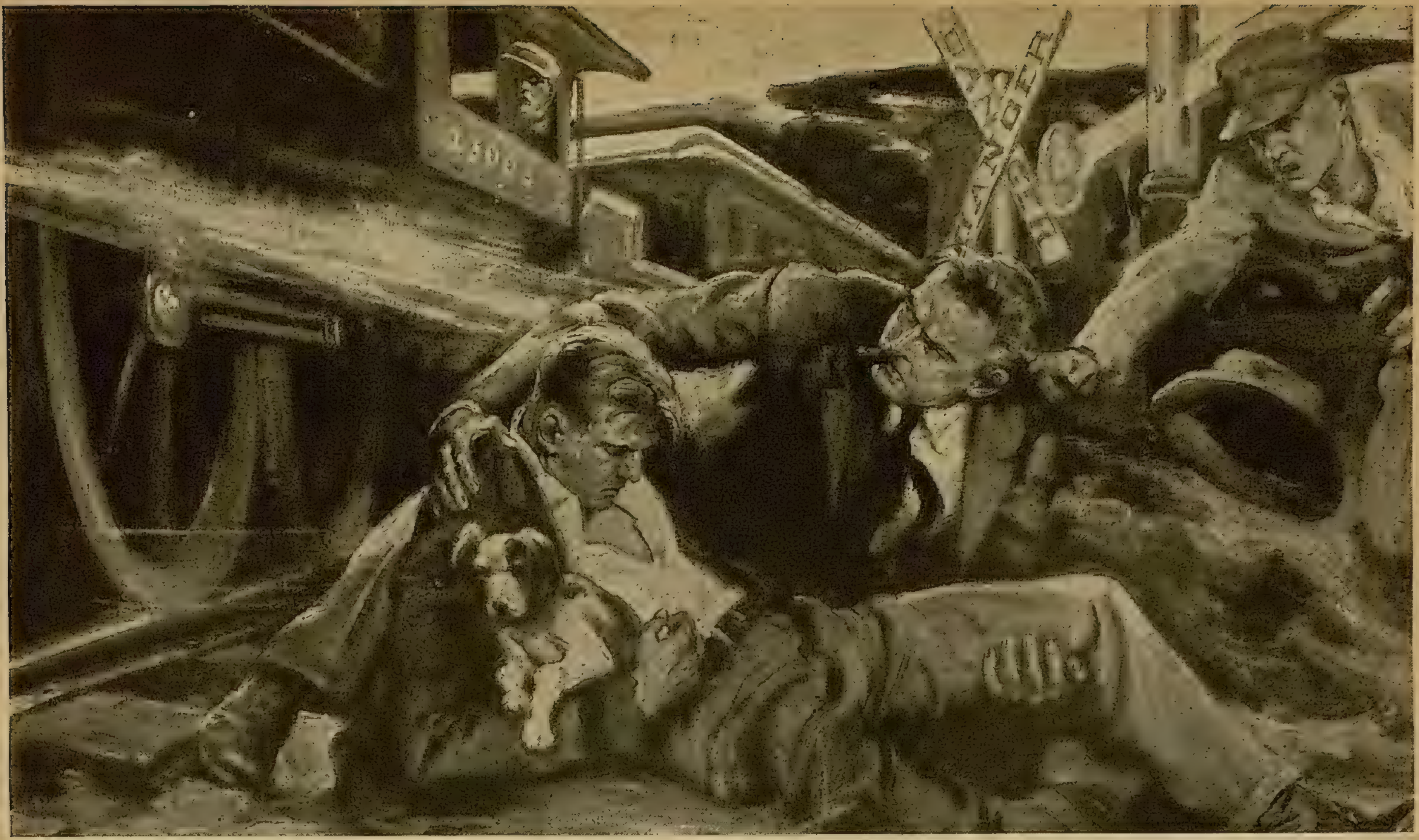
Boles placed Hercules on the blotting pad.

Bravery? Yes, but not the blind sacrifice it appeared to the casual observer, for back in the old days the super had learned to gauge speed and distance from an engine cab. Thus his measurement of yards against the velocity of the Limited was instinctive, accurate—Good Lord, *how* accurate!

One instant he bent over that relaxed form, with the pony truck apparently nosing his outstretched arms; the next a blurred tangle of bodies rolled clear—by inches. A woman screamed as the engine flashed past.

When the Limited stopped, observation platform abreast the crossing, Boles was on his feet, dusting himself off and running his handkerchief between his collar and neck, while the intoxicated individual lay quietly with the puppy still clasped to him. Boles pushed away eager hands. Hurt? No, not even scratched.

"Thanks, Pete," said Boles calmly to the train conductor who insisted on helping in the



The next instant a blurred tangle of bodies rolled clear as the engine flashed past.

cleaning process. Rather ridiculous brushing a man off as if his life depended on it, but they had to do something—that little group of train crew who would have bartered their souls for the super.

And then to the crowd in general: " Some of you boys carry this fellow up to my office."

When the drunk finally came around he found himself on a couch in a shabby room smelling of cinders. Sitting up unsteadily, he first saw the dog cuddled beside him, and dropped his hand on the unmatched but alert ears. Then his eyes encountered a vast hulk of a man behind a desk—a man wearing a cigar in one corner of his mouth and a hat as far back on his head as it was possible to balance it. The drunk closed his eyes for a long moment.

" I don't get it," he observed. " Who in hell're you? "

" My name is Boles. What don't you get? "

" How I happened to light—here."

Boles tipped his chair to its customary dangerous angle. " Maybe I can help you. That pup of yours got in the way of a train and you went after him. You were yanked off the track just in time. We're particular who we run over on the T. C. & W."

The drunk nodded. " It's coming back now. Hercules went under the gates—"

" Hercules? "

" That's his name. Who saved me? "

" A railroad employee."

" Too bad," remarked the drunk.

" Who are you? " asked Boles.

THE man hesitated. Boles liked the look of him except for the almost womanish cleft in his chin—liked his square forehead, his pleasant eyes, the faintly ironical expression of his mouth, which a two-day beard failed to hide. His clothes, although in tatters, had not been acquired piecemeal, as is the custom among hobos. No, that ghost of a serge suit, that frayed soft shirt, and those battle-scarred oxfords told their own story to the super, who asked again:

" Mind telling me who you are? "

The other smiled twistedly. " Nobody worth mentioning. However, I'd like to thank the fellow that made the mistake of preserving my life. Where will I find him? "

" Right in front of you. I'm him."

" Oh, you are, are you? " wonderingly. " Connected with the road, I suppose? " His eyes swept the office, noting for the first time the gilt lettering on the open door, which read, " Divisional Superintendent." Indicating it, he asked, " That you? "

" Yes."

" And you risked your neck for—me? "

" You and your dog. But thanks won't square matters."

AGAIN that ironical smile. " My ability to return favors is limited."

Boles leaned forward amid a terrific creaking from his chair. " You can answer questions."

" Certainly—if you insist."

" What's your name? "

" Raymond Sprague."

" Business? "

" Nothing at present. I have worked in the accounting department of a railroad. I've also had some experience making license plates under state supervision. Sing Sing," he added succinctly.

" Look here," remarked Boles, unconscious he was about to be dramatic. " I pulled you off the track because you loved dogs—"

" *A* dog."

" All right. No man who loves *a* dog can go to hell under a train of mine—or any other way if I can help it. Now spill your troubles."

" Why? "

" Because that much is coming to me."

Sprague's hand wandered to his coat pocket and dropped away, empty. Whereupon Boles tossed him a pack of cigarettes somebody had left on his desk.

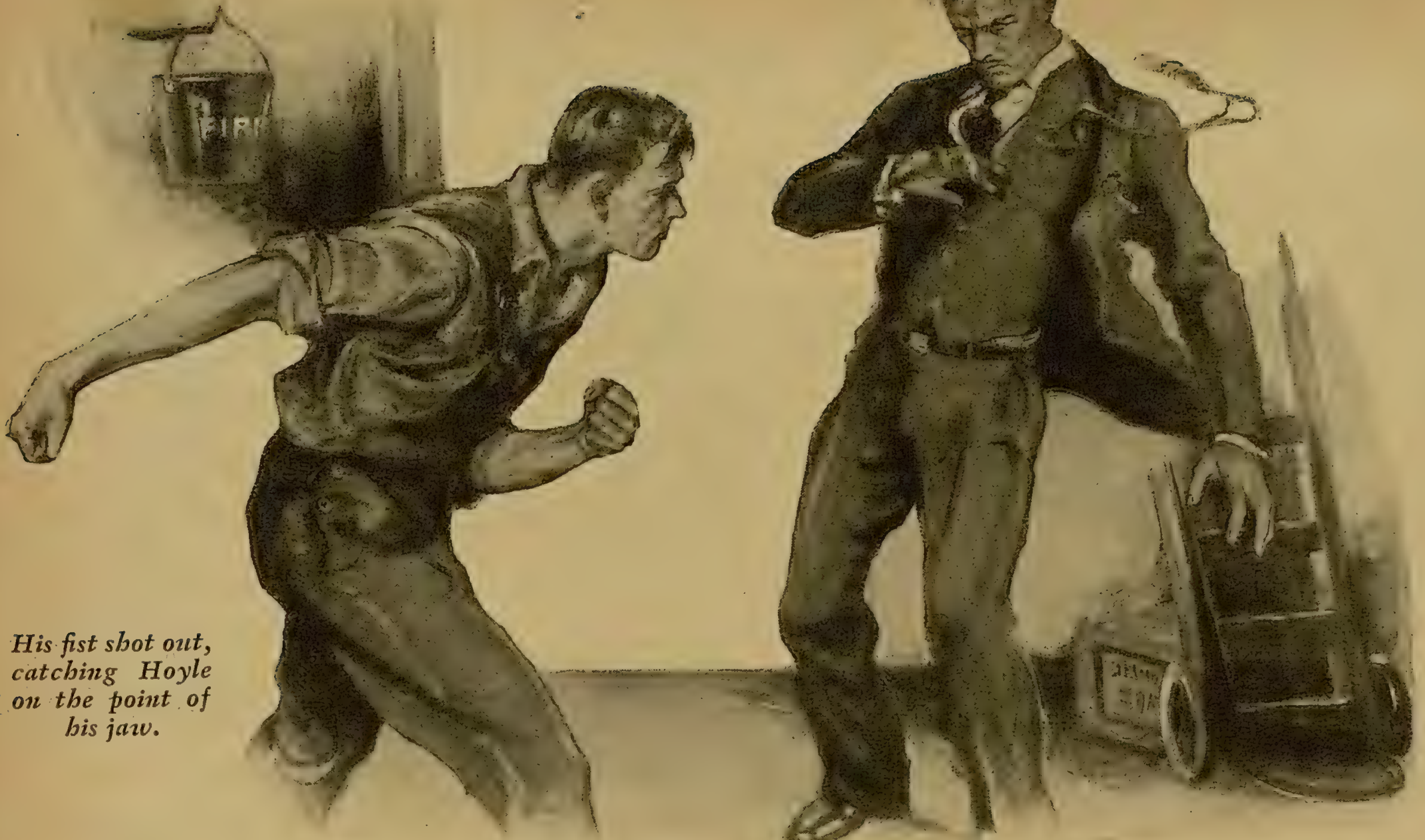
When the cigarette was going:

" Honestly, Mr. Boles, my life history wouldn't interest you, beyond the fact I nearly died of D. T.'s while putting the family fortune back into circulation."

" What'd you go to jail for? "

Sprague's gaze remained defiantly steady. " Swiping a few hundreds from the petty-cash drawer of a big railroad when I was drunk. Then—no more responsibilities for three years, except remembering a number."

" And after that nobody would give you a job, eh? "



His fist shot out, catching Hoyle on the point of his jaw.

“On the contrary, I've lost several good jobs. The answer is, and always will be, booze.”

“Where'd you pick up the dog?”

“In Des Moines. We decided to pal together after I'd given him a bath in the city reservoir. That's why I named him Hercules—because he was the strongest small dog I'd ever met. Never found out what he'd rolled in, but it was potent.”

“How'd you drift here?”

“Riding the rods. I picked up a few dollars along the way and was sampling Butte City whisky when Hercules tried to flag that train. Satisfied?”

Boles nodded.

“Then I'll be going.”

“Where?”

Sprague shrugged. “Wherever your freights are headed for.”

“No, you won't,” predicted Boles calmly. “You're not a professional bum.”

“Bums,” observed the other, “are born, not made. I am a bum by nature and I shall remain one through choice.”

The super smoked in silence for a moment. Then:

“So you don't feel like paying your debt to me? I'll bet that dog of yours would pay if he could.”

“Saving my life doesn't particularly appeal to me,” pointed out Sprague thoughtfully; “but I hadn't considered the value of what you did for Hercules. What's your proposition?”

“A job.”

“I beg your pardon?”

“You heard me—a job. I need an assistant baggage clerk.”

SPRAGUE carefully removed the puppy from his knees where he had found a comfortable berth, got up unsteadily, and went to the window. When he turned he was scowling.

“You're a kind-hearted ass, Mr. Boles. Excuse my frankness. All I love in this benighted world is liquor and Hercules.”

“If you've a sense of sportsmanship you will go to work for the T. C. & W. for one year. After that you can continue to hell as fast as you please.”

The ragged man considered.

Suddenly Hercules galloped across the floor and placed his forepaws as high up as he could reach on Sprague's trouser leg. Sprague looked down, his expression strangely softened.

“Think I ought to, boy?”

And Hercules said he thought so. Said it with his frantically wagging stub of a tail. Swiftly Sprague gathered his partner in adversity in his arms and came over to the desk.

“All right, Mr. Boles—for a year. But the chances are I won't go through with it.”

Thus did Raymond Sprague, ex-convict and chronic ne'er-do-well, become an employee of the Mountain Division.

HERCULES divided his time between the baggage room and Boles's office, much to the amusement of many, for there was a rule against dogs except under leash. The super would come in to find his new friend curled up on his desk, a badly chewed report near by; and Boles would sit down at his desk and make threats in a loud voice for the benefit of the next office, at the same time rubbing Hercules' unmatched ears with a very large, very gentle hand.

A week after the installation of the new baggage clerk, Pritchard Hoyle, efficiency expert engaged by the road to cut overhead, came into Boles's office. It was not his first visit there, Boles having long since accepted the burden of his interference with resignation. A small, dapper, nervous man was Hoyle, wearing pince-nez and a handkerchief to match his socks.

“About this fellow Sprague—” he began.

“Well, what about him?”

“I recommend letting him go. We don't need an assistant baggage clerk; never had one before. And then there's the dog—”

“Oh, yes,” said Boles softly, “the dog.”

“—always getting in the way, wandering round the station. Why, one day I even saw him in here.”

“No!” remarked Boles, reaching under his desk to produce the small person of Hercules whom he placed thoughtfully on the blotting pad. “You weren't referring to this, were you? He's pretty small to get in anybody's way. And his salary's low."

"His—salary?"

"Sure. One plate of scraps from the restaurant." Boles leaned forward, stroking the puppy reassuringly. "Look here, Hoyle, the board president told me to consider your recommendations. All right. I consider this one—out. Understand? We probably don't need either the dog or the clerk, but both stay."

"You have a duty to your stockholders."

Boles was on his feet like a flash, legs spread, hands thrust deep in trouser pockets. "Don't you go telling me what my duties are. For twenty years this road has earned dividends without you and *with* me. And it hasn't done it by the practice of picayune economics." He paused, bringing his voice back to its customary rumble.

"Say, know the game of poker?"

"Why—er—yes," nervously.

"Ever hold kickers?"

"No," said Mr. Hoyle positively.

"You wouldn't," agreed Boles. "You don't play hunches. I do. This man Sprague's a hunch with me. As for Hercules, well, he can hang around too."

The efficiency expert took his departure stiffly, wearing the baffled, indignant expression of a man who has run spank into a brick wall. And Boles, smoking furiously, stood at the window for a long while, watching the network of tracks below. Here and there puffed yard engines, coupling, cutting out. A hundred-car freight thundered past, the clatter of trucks on switch frogs rising to the super's window. Sweet music. The din of progress. To the right a semicircular brick building belched smoke and steam—the roundhouse itself, the home of some of the finest locomotives ever to measure strength with the Rockies. But the eternal hubbub wasn't confined to the yards: the very structure of the station was alive with it—the sharp thump of a trunk rolled along on its corners, the rumble of a baggage truck across the platform; and from the dispatchers' office farther down the hall the intermittent babble of telegraph keys stuttering orders.

HE, Boles, had built it all, had visualized this actual scene when the T. C. & W. was a jerk-water line operating two trains a day. The men who, back in the early history of the road, had stuck to him because he had had the knack of instilling in others his own enthusiasm, were now his assistants. He had never faced a strike on his division, never asked a favor of an employee in vain. Yet the directors had sent him an efficiency expert. Galling.

Efficiency. The thought brought him back to Sprague. Sprague was costing the company twenty dollars a week filling an unnecessary job. A kicker in a poker hand—Boles's hand. The super went back to his desk and sat down, scratching Hercules' ears. Sprague, drunk as they came, had risked his life to save the puppy. Not a bad kicker, according to the run of cards and men!

The expected didn't happen for a long time—much longer than Boles himself believed possible. Then, one day, Sprague got drunk and into trouble all at once. Not too drunk to work, but too drunk to remember his place. And Boles happened to witness the entire incident.

He glanced into the baggage room just as Pritchard Hoyle entered from the platform. Hoyle invariably walked chickenwise, legs twinkling to keep up with his outstretched neck and body. That may have been the reason he didn't see Hercules, busy deciding on the merits of some elusive odor clinging to a trunk. At any rate, Hoyle's foot encountered the small obstruction; whereupon he proceeded to demonstrate the profound truth of certain gravitational laws, and in so doing lost his hat, glasses, and temper simultaneously. Sprague, watching the performance, made the mistake of laughing.

WHEN Hoyle recovered his equilibrium he was very red. "Damn you!" he snapped at the puppy. "I'll teach you to clutter up a station." His beautifully polished boot described a partial arc, and Hercules, caught amidships, went flying toward the door as if hurled from a catapult, to land with a faint grunt, one leg twitching.

Nobody, including Boles, could have stopped Sprague. One instant he paused, white, inarticulate, before the efficiency expert. The next his fist shot out, catching Hoyle on the point of his jaw. The man reeled dizzily, caught at a piece of baggage, only to go down under a second hammerlike punch.

"If you ever touch my dog again I'll kill you!" promised Sprague, standing over him. Then he turned to Hercules, but Hercules was already in Boles's arms, licking his hand and whimpering. As Hoyle climbed to his feet he heard Boles's voice, sharp, metallic:

"Get up to my office—both of you."

Nobody ever questioned the super when he spoke like that. Once upstairs, Boles shut the door and deposited the puppy on his desk. Then back went his hat to an impossible angle, and up went his cigar until it nearly singed his eyebrows.

"Hoyle," said he, "a man who'll kick a dog's a skunk. The smaller the dog the bigger the skunk! You got what was coming to you."

Hoyle doubled a diminutive fist. "Stand up for a drunken bully, will you?"

"And a dog."

"We'll see about that. I'll—I'll take the first train east."

"You bet you will. And it leaves in twenty minutes. Now—move!"

Hoyle hesitated. A good verbal fighter in the proper surroundings, he felt—not without cause—that this lumbering, elephantine czar of the division might, if pushed too far,

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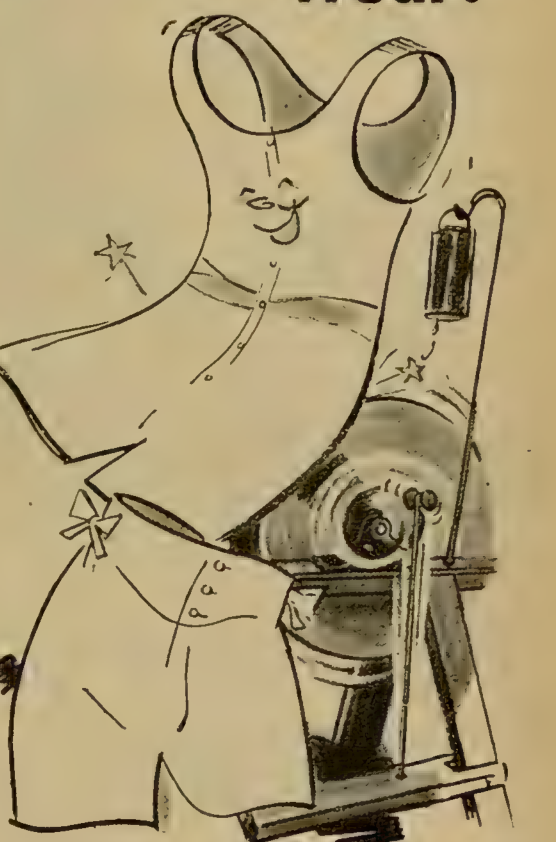

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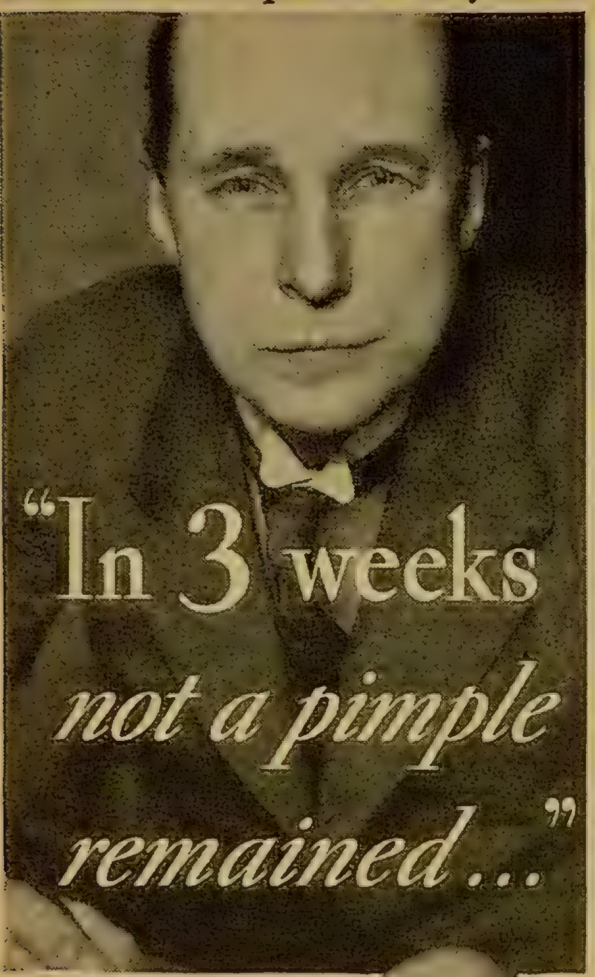

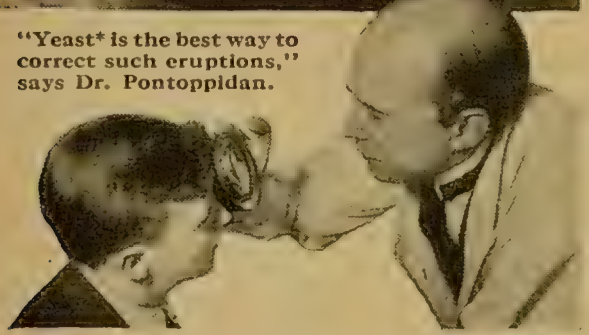
"Yeast* is the best way to correct such eruptions," says Dr. Pontoppidan.

SKIN SUFFERERS, this case is described by the well-known Dr. Borje Pontoppidan, Physician-in-Charge of the Copenhagen Municipal Hospital. He writes:—

"The patient came to me in the most depressed condition. His face was covered with pimples, which he had been treating with various external remedies.

"I attacked his trouble with yeast.* As it restored regular evacuations of his intestines, his skin cleared completely. *In three weeks not a pimple remained.*"

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"If there's anything I hate it's pimples," writes James Givens of Tulsa, Okla. "Not long ago I had them, and I tried to get rid of them but nothing helped . . . The doctor said the trouble was with my blood and suggested Fleischmann's Yeast . . . I started. My skin cleared up."

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adopt other weapons than words.

"You'll hear more of this," promised Hoyle as he walked to the door with the exaggerated dignity of all little men.

Boles waited in silence until the door closed. Then he gave himself to the task of examining the tiny body of Hercules. That completed, he raised watering eyes to Sprague, standing next to him. For an inveterate smoker his eyes appeared unusually sensitive.

"Nothing busted," observed the super gruffly. "But I'll take him to a vet on my way to lunch." And, after a pause:

"Sprague, you're suspended. If you'd been cold sober down there in the baggage room I would have backed you the limit. As it is, everybody knows you weren't. Everybody knows you started on the booze again last night. One week and no pay."

Whether or not Sprague had been drunk earlier, he wasn't now. His lips twisted into that faintly ironical smile as he reached over and rubbed Hercules' ears. "Thanks, Mr. Boles. . . . This matter of getting square—it's going to be a job, I can see that."

Sprague stayed drunk most of the week of his suspension, keeping clear of the station and yards however; and when he returned to work he was shaky but sober.

One day, considerably later, the baggage agent stopped Boles on the platform, asking:

"What'll we do about Sprague? Didn't show up until ten this morning. Tight again. Sooner or later he'll insult a passenger."

Boles scratched his head ruminatively. "Damned if I know," he admitted. "But we can't fire him."

"Why?"

"Damned if I know that, either."

"Oh," said the baggage agent, misunderstanding. "Pull?"

Boles frowned. "Pull don't go on this division, Murphy, and you know it. Sprague's as easy to fire as a gun, but I'm not firing him."

EVENTUALLY a letter came through from headquarters, reading:

DEAR ED: Our mutual friend Hoyle has been doing a lot of talking. While I am almost convinced the road can dispense with his further services, and while I will uphold any decision of yours, nevertheless wouldn't it be well to discharge the man Sprague? It is the first time I ever knew you to tolerate drunkenness. What is behind all this?

Yours cordially,
BILLY.

The president of the board was "Billy" to very few.

To which Boles cryptically replied:

We can't fire Sprague yet; he owes us too much. I have a hunch he will make good. He loves dogs.

A unique argument from a divisional superintendent to the president of the board of directors of a transcontinental railroad! But William Westover had known Boles and his work for twenty years, had thanked God time upon time for Boles's judgment. One man in a million—this huge, flabby individual who was not above playing hunches. If he wanted to employ a bum, let him! The T. C. & W. could afford to humor him. And the T. C. & W. would, as long as Westover dictated its policies.

Thus stood the situation when the big flood drove all minor matters from the thoughts of the operating and maintenance-of-way departments. It began to rain in April, not hard but steadily, day after day, week after week, until the freshets, swelled from the melting snow on the Rockies, came roaring down the cañons to eat into fills, snatch out trestle piling, play havoc generally. Work crews slept not at all; hundreds of extra hands were recruited to keep traffic moving. And still it rained.

SPRAGUE, holding down what he must have known was an unnecessary job in the baggage room, didn't volunteer. In spite of the obvious opportunity presented for him to at least partially pay his debt, he passed it by, leaving Boles to wonder concerning the wisdom of holding kickers. Nor was Sprague very sober these days—a free lance who arrived when he chose and went away when he chose and set the worst possible example to other station employees. "Boles's pet," somebody dubbed him; but the name did not stick because the division, collectively, was loyal to the super, knowing beyond question that its boss had no pets, played no favorites, granted no one man greater concessions than another. If Sprague's status seemed to violate this code, then a logical reason lay behind it, which the road would learn in due course.

Probably Boles himself gave the matter slight consideration in those days of increasing menace. Not a train moved on schedule; dispatchers sweated their hearts out; hogheads felt their way like blind men, checking hastily for curves that might hide disaster, crawling over creaking trestles, offering a prayer of thanksgiving every time they completed a run.

Rain—everlastingly streaking cab windows, lowering visibility, soaking repair equipment, making of the Mountain Division a sodden, hopeless mess! Rain—short-circuiting signal devices, inundating the Butte City yards, even creeping above the passenger platform in a coal-colored flood! The Limited was running from eight to twenty hours late.

Boles, and Boles only, could have got such an enormous amount of work from the men. Nobody complained; everybody carried on, fighting off the weariness of exhaustion and trying to grin with the water trickling down straining backs and the mud sucking at plodding feet. Three solid weeks of it, while perishable freight perished and less perishable passengers thought they would.

Every day the wires brought news of fresh disaster—bridges out, tunnels flooded, trouble, danger. And then, *then*, when Biblical history seemed on the verge of repeating itself, the sun shone!

Section gangs took heart. The torrents receded a few inches, not more, but the division could—and did—hold its own. As a matter of fact the Limited rumbled into Butte City one day merely an hour behind time—a sufficiently encouraging event to send Boles to bed at seven that night to sleep the clock around.

But with the passing of the crisis minor troubles returned, which is typical of railroading. And Sprague, entering Boles's office the following morning, proved to be the first. He was accompanied by an odor of stale liquor and, of course, Hercules.

" I'm quitting," he announced.

The super's expression was wooden. " Why? "

" Because," explained Sprague carefully, " I've saved enough to keep comfortably tight for a week."

" Forgetting your promise? "

Again that ironical, twisted smile. " No; just breaking it, throwing you down as I have every other goodhearted idiot that hired me." He made a defiant gesture. " I'm a bum, Boles, with a bum's conscience. You expected me to volunteer for flood fighting, didn't you? "

And, when Boles said nothing: " Well, you were wrong. Floods appeal to me even less than checking trunks. You wasted your time pulling me out from under that engine."

" Oh, no, I didn't." The super was looking at the puppy under Sprague's arm. " Your dog was worth saving."

Sprague's face softened. " Right you are," he agreed, fondling Hercules' ridiculously small head. Then he came over to the desk and deposited the dog thereon, saying thoughtfully, " You've given me a new idea. He's yours, Boles—paid on account."

FOR a long moment the gaze of the two men held. Suddenly the super picked up Hercules and thrust him at his master.

" Take your dog and get out," he ordered gruffly.

" Don't want him, eh? "

" Not as much as you do. He's the only friend you'll ever have."

" So you won't let me do what I can to square up? "

Boles heaved himself from his chair. " You don't know what squaring up means, Sprague. Hoyle was right."

" About me? "

" Yes—you're the only thing he *was* right about, and the only thing I'd give my shirt to have him wrong about. I'm losing a big bet on you."

" To Hoyle? "

" No," said Boles bitterly, " to myself. Now beat it."

From the window the super watched Sprague cross the yards in the direction of Butte City's main street where liquor could be bought almost anywhere.

Then he turned back to his desk—the desk on which Hercules had lain so many times with cocked ears and wagging tail.

Two days later an unsteady man and a very small dog climbed to a cliff overlooking the right-of-way of the T. C. & W. some miles west of Butte City. Sprague chose a seat where he could see much of the landscape, and beside him he deposited a half empty quart bottle. Many, many feet below lay the track, describing a curve around the cliff base before it crossed the waters of Stump Creek. The Stump Creek trestle hadn't gone out in the big flood, but mountain torrents never accept defeat; they keep right on tearing at piling, eating into sandbagged fills, working to undermine the irksome barriers placed in their path by optimistic mankind.

SPRAGUE didn't pay much attention to the trestle. He could not see it too distinctly, owing to a tendency of his eyes to become crossed. More intriguing he found the smoke hanging over the railroad yards in the distance, because somehow it conjured a picture of Boles. He wished Boles had accepted Hercules. Ordinary debts left Sprague indifferent, but that particular debt belonged in a separate category. He had always managed to return favors, to scrape together the wherewithal to meet such obligations. Always, barring this time!

The liquor in him didn't befuddle his brain. He could think clearly long after fellow inebriates had passed out of the picture. Boles dragging him from beneath the pony truck of an engine, Boles giving it straight from the shoulder to the man who had kicked Hercules. Hell of a big debt the more he considered it.

" Good scout," muttered Sprague, rubbing the soft tummy of the puppy who lay contentedly on his back, but referring to the superintendent of the Mountain Division.

From the distance came a whistle—the Limited, he knew by the time of the day. She would be knocking it off and she wouldn't check for the slight curve, as flood risks were practically over. Small danger of washouts now. Presently he saw the snakelike train some miles away. His eyes, wandering along the track, paused speculatively as they again rested on the Stump Creek trestle. Fine spot for an accident. An engineer, unable to see the trestle until he was on top of it, must trust in the ceaseless patrol of trackwalkers.

Funny, how one subject brought up another. He, Sprague, had taken a drink with a trackwalker that very morning; and it had occurred to him at the time that the trackwalker, much the worse for liquor, would stand a good chance of losing his job should a railroad " dick " happen along. Sitting there idly on the cliff edge, he wondered where that particular trackwalker's patrol was located. Near Butte City of course.

Boles's arrival was uncanny. Of a sudden the enormous bulk of him loomed in the path connecting the cliff with the motor road where he had left his Ford.

And Hercules, uttering a single joyous bark, branded him on the trouser leg with muddy forepaws.

Sprague got up to face the one man whom he had been thinking of—but the one man he did not want to see.

" Weren't looking for me, were you? "

" I'm looking for a baggage

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

clerk," explained Boles, mopping himself with a sheetlike handkerchief. "Thought maybe you'd change your mind."

Sprague shook his head. "Not a chance—but you can still have the dog."

"You come on back and square up," persisted Boles, "just so things won't work out according to Hoyle." Remarkable, such a plea from the superintendent who had never in his whole railroad career pleaded with anyone before!

"It can't be done," refused Sprague quietly. "If there was any other way—" He stopped, staring.

What was suddenly dragging Boles's eyes from their sockets, turning his face into flabby dough? Up came the super's arm as rigid as a semaphore to point far, far down toward Stump Creek.

Sprague looked. He passed his hand across his eyes and saw. There was a slump in that trestle where no slump should be. The rails hung like slack telegraph wires from bank to bank. Ties still clung to them by their spikes, but underneath the ties was—nothing!

ON came the Limited, a mile a minute, approaching the curve and eternity. It was Boles's own train, his pride; the triumph of the division. The very train from under which Boles had dragged Sprague and Hercules to safety. Sprague's mind outran it, saw the engine plunge to the stream bed, saw Pullmans and coaches follow in a tumbling line, like a toy train falling downstairs. Agony, death for a hundred souls while the super watched, helpless.

Boles was leaning over the cliff—too far over, with pebbles and dirt cascading from beneath his feet—and shouting and waving his arms like a madman. But of course hogheads don't spend their time sky gazing. A warning hurtling out of the blue heavens down to the track—that was the only hope.

"God!" panted Boles. "We've got to stop 'er. There must be a way!"

"There is," said Sprague. He smiled and picked up Hercules and thrust him into Boles's hands. "Keep an eye on my dog, will you? And tell Hoyle for me you won your bet." There was no irony in the last smile he gave the super.

BOLES understood then, lunged for the man too late. Raymond Sprague, chronic ne'er-do-well and whisky-soaked bum, was gone. Lightly, smilingly, fearlessly as a small boy leaping off the garden wall, he had gone hoboing on into sunlit space.

Far below the Limited's whistle shrieked as the train, like a live thing, made a desperate yet futile effort to avoid hitting the still figure lying so close to the rails. When the Limited came to a full stop her engine was nosing the Stump Creek trestle which wasn't a trestle any more.

There is a shaft of gleaming marble now on that high cliff. And gallant words proclaim the railroad's homage and gratitude to Raymond Sprague. Ed Boles paid for the shaft.

"It's due me, Billy," he told the president, "and I'll quit your damn' road if you interfere."

But to Hercules, when they sometimes climbed the cliff together, he spoke his heart.

"Thank God you and I believed in him, boy—even when it took some believing."

THE END

COVER TITLE CONTEST

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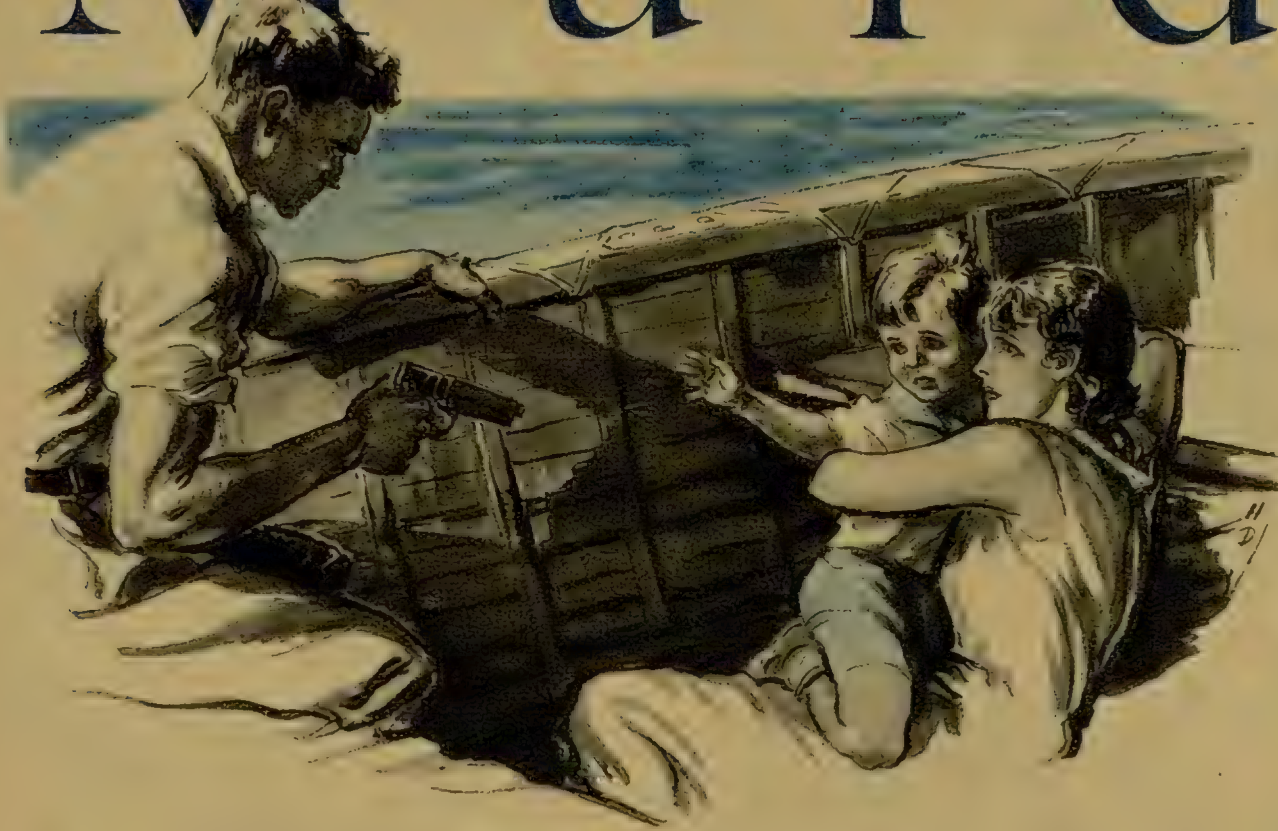
Murder



A SHORT SHORT STORY

By

SIDNEY M. DAVIS

(Reading time: 4 minutes 30 seconds.)

I HEARD this story in Joe's last night and it's been on my mind ever since. Maybe it'll help out a little telling it to you. You see, Joe runs the speakeasy in our neighborhood that gets the family trade, the same bunch coming in all the time, you know, and that's why I noticed this fellow in particular. He was a complete stranger—didn't seem to know a soul. Just been sitting by himself for days, drinking steadily, looking like he'd been hired to haunt the place, maybe. When I inquired, idly, Joe didn't know a bit more about him than I did. So, you know how folks will, I began to get really curious about the fellow. Finally, acting upon impulse, I sat down at the chap's table and threw him a tentative "Hot out tonight, isn't it?"

When he looked up at me and started to talk, I gulped my drink and called for another one, quick. For that man had the most tortured eyes—the most pitiful look of constant inward suffering—that it has ever been my bad luck to see. His eyes blazed at me for a moment, then he sneered, "Hot? No. It'll be a lot hotter where I'm headed for."

Now this wasn't exactly what anybody would call light speakeasy conversation, which was why I started to slide right out of the picture. But he wouldn't have it. Reaching over and grabbing my arm in a grip which would have been enough to anchor the Graf Zeppelin in a heavy gale, he murmured half to himself, "I didn't ask you to sit down here, mister, but now you are here—and you're going to listen to a story, whether you like it or not. Friend, you are talking to a murderer and you are now about to hear all the details."

I laughed nervously and with what I hoped was my most unencouraging expression, but that iron grip of his didn't relax a particle, so very, very reluctantly I stayed where I was. Not, however, without ordering another drink.

"My wife and my five-year-old boy are dead," he continued, "and I killed them—murdered them in cold blood—let them die screaming in the agony of their thirst—while I refused them the water that would have saved their lives."

His tormented eyes looked at me and through me, and in a sudden deep feeling of pity for the poor chap I knew that he was listening to those cries and seeing that horrible sight again. He was silent now for a minute or two and then talking more rapidly, his eyes tight shut, as though, I imagined, trying by the sound of his own voice to still the clamor of those death cries in his ears.

"The three of us sailed from New York just twelve months ago—bound for South America and the holiday my wife and I had planned for years. We were having a marvelous time, delighted with every scrap of novelty and pleasure we encountered—just living in our own private complete paradise. Marvelous days those.

"Off the coast of Brazil a hurricane enveloped us without warning and with terrific intensity. Orders were soon given to abandon ship, and morning found the three of us adrift in an open lifeboat. A search of the boat showed nothing but a fully loaded automatic; beyond doubt the most useless thing in the world to me then and the thing which finally was to kill us all. We drifted for days under a merciless sun, while the lack of food and water became hourly more alarming; but with unbelievable bad luck we sighted not one of the numerous boats we knew traveled those waters.

"HAVE you ever watched anyone die of thirst, mister? Watched the gathering signs of approaching madness as you yourself shared their agonizing thirst with the added stinging torture of being able to do nothing while the ones you loved died before your eyes? Have you ever wanted to do anything, even the smallest thing, for someone you loved dearly, only to find your own powers insufficient?

"Then maybe you might have some glimmering of the hell I endured as, all the while hearing the steady slap, slap of the waves against the sides of our little boat, I watched my family slowly go out of their senses, crazed by their unbearable thirst. And then they forgot that the salt water would only kill them the sooner, and tried to scoop up water with their hands—that salt water which would only have hastened their death and added to their agony. It seemed then that the loaded pistol was God-given, and at the point of it I forced them to the bottom of the boat, where they lay groveling and screaming until we all lost consciousness. I don't know how much later it was that we were picked up by a tramp freighter whose doctor revived me with great difficulty. But my wife and my boy were dead. Dead! You hear? And I killed them! Killed them at the point of that gun when they begged for the water which was so close and which would have saved their lives."

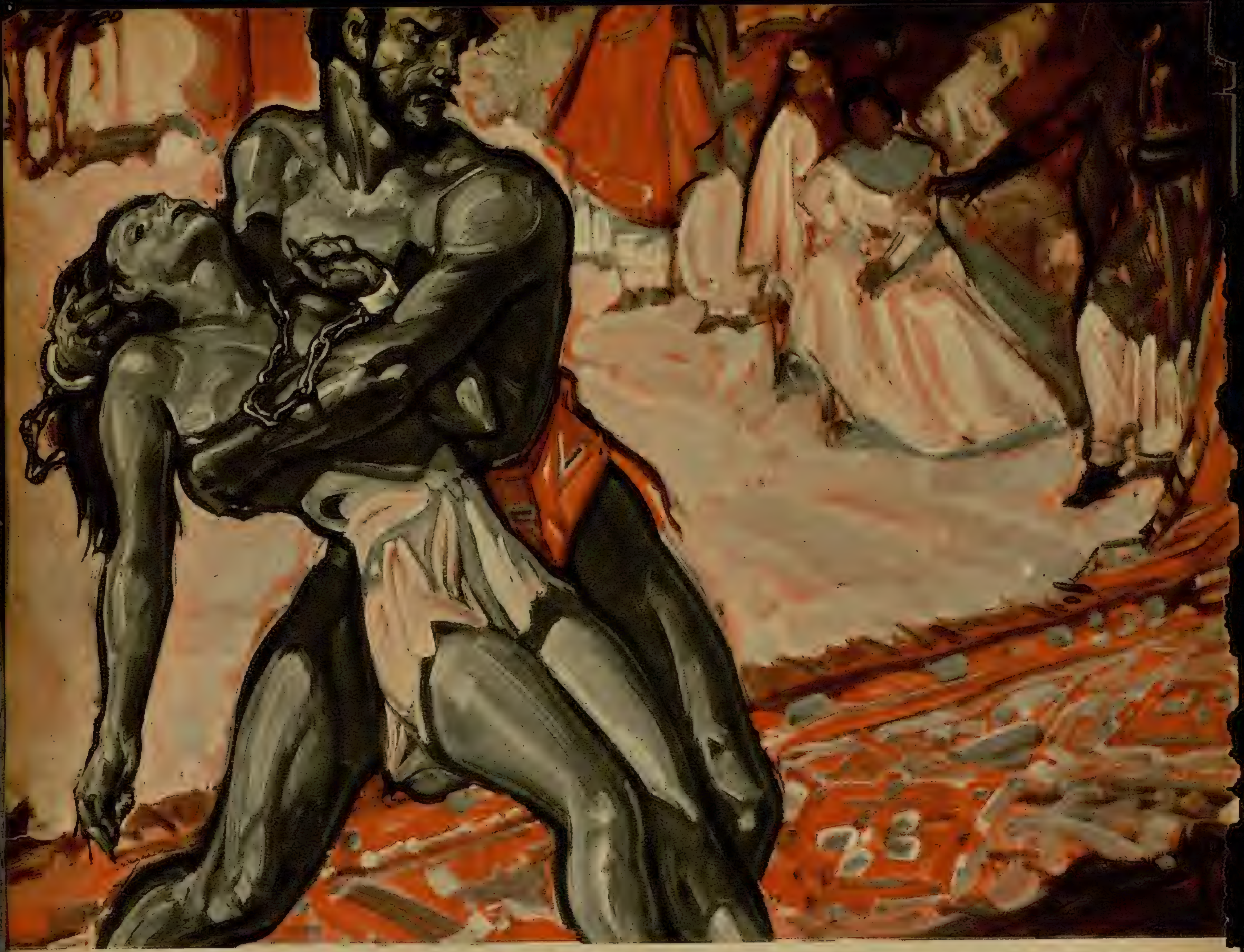
I needed a drink badly at that moment—and I had it; but under its influence I became the most complete, the most glorious ass that ever was born.

I said, "Buck up, old man. It was awfully tough, but you couldn't do anything else. Drinking that salt water was infinitely worse than the other."

His answer shriveled me. I've looked it up—hoping it wasn't true—but it is.

"That water was not salt," he mumbled. "The Amazon River flows into the Atlantic Ocean at that point and forms a channel of fresh water two hundred miles long."

THE END



MARRIAGE

Illustrations by Charles De Feo

By JOSEPH DIXON

(Reading time: 31 minutes 55 seconds.)

Part Five—Conclusion

ESCALA obeyed, but moved like a sleepwalker. I had never before addressed a cruel word to her, nor even spoken sharply. No doubt she felt that the curse of Jebel Ghul had already fallen on us—and who shall say that it had not?

Twenty bars there were in each box. Twenty times ten times a hundred! Ten tons of gold!

I raged at the boxes, fearful lest one be empty, hating them for hiding their yellow treasures from my eyes. I sank the point of my pick into their sides. I battered their lids. One was filled with gold in sheets, another with strange ornaments—all gold.

Then, exhausted by my emotions, I stumbled back and sank on a block of stone. Escala was standing beside me, motionless and pale, the slush lamp in her hand, the gold of Sheba at her feet.

Around us, wraithlike, whirled the motes of things forgotten. The wind soughed through the fissure. Monstrous shadows stalked along the walls.

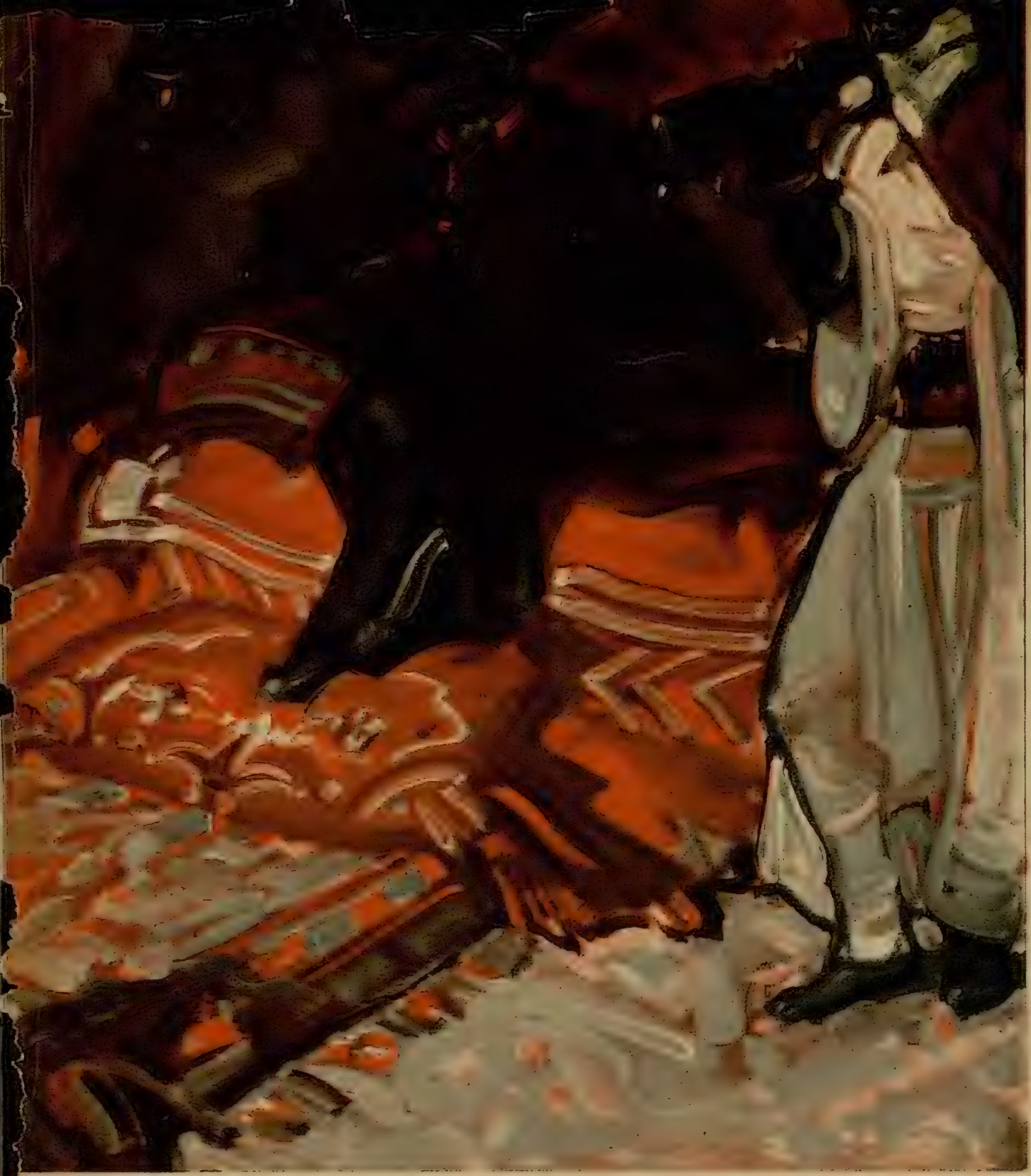
I sobered, shuddered, pulled myself together. Of all this mass of bullion I could take but a fraction—no more than a single ingot. The enmity of Elmadi and Menelik and the character of my relations with both of them made it imperative that I keep secret my discovery for a time at least.

I dared not take Waldegorgis and Tafara into my confidence, or add to the loads of the mules, already overburdened.

One ingot, then. I picked it up and put it in my gear bag. The rest would have to wait. It had been safe for centuries. It would be safe for a few months more.

By the time Escala and I had reached the top of the stairs and closed the door it was dark. Slowly, painstakingly we made our way down the side of the hill. Several times stones turned under our feet, and there were slips that threatened death on the boulders below.

We hurried to camp, where the boys, alarmed over our



"These prisoners will be thrown to the lions." As full realization of the meaning of it came to her, Escala staggered and fell against me.

DRUMS

The Princess Takes Revenge and the Curse of Sheba's Gold Descends

as told to Captain DON WILKIE *Formerly of the United States Secret Service*

absence, were firing rifles and shouting. I explained that we had lost our way and promised them baksheesh (a bonus) for their thoughtfulness. The next day we packed and started our return trip, striking directly east to avoid Beni Shongul and the Sheik Elmadi.

Twenty miles from Jebel Ghul I found a survey mark that indicated that the treasure lay not in the Black Arab country but in Anglo-Egyptian Sudan! That made the problem of removing it even more complex.

I soon had things other than gold to think about. The bee-line distance to Addis Ababa was about three hundred and thirty miles. As the trail wound, it was nearly nine hundred and fifty.

The rainy season started. We had trouble with bandits and through theft or accident lost all of our animals but the horse and one mule. Between Dhool and Komassa, Black Arab villages, we were forced to abandon most of our luggage, the tent included.

Soon afterward I contracted blackwater fever and was tied to the horse and carried in delirium to the Daupos River. We reached its banks February 19, or Yakatit 9. It was at flood stage.

Waldegorgis and Escala, clinging to the horse, got safely across. Tafara took the mule over, relieved it of its pack, and came back for me. The third crossing exhausted the animal just as it was reaching shallow water. Tafara struggled with it, while Waldegorgis and Escala dragged me ashore.

The brave head boy and his charge were getting farther and farther away from us. Too weak to raise my voice above a whisper, I had Escala call to him to abandon the animal and swim for his life. Waldegorgis threw him a gourd life preserver I had worn.

BUT nothing could save Tafara now. The rapids had him, smashing him against rocks and piling yellow waves over his body. The mule reared half out of water once, then spun round and round in a swirl. A moment later nothing was to be seen except the gourd bounding along far downstream.

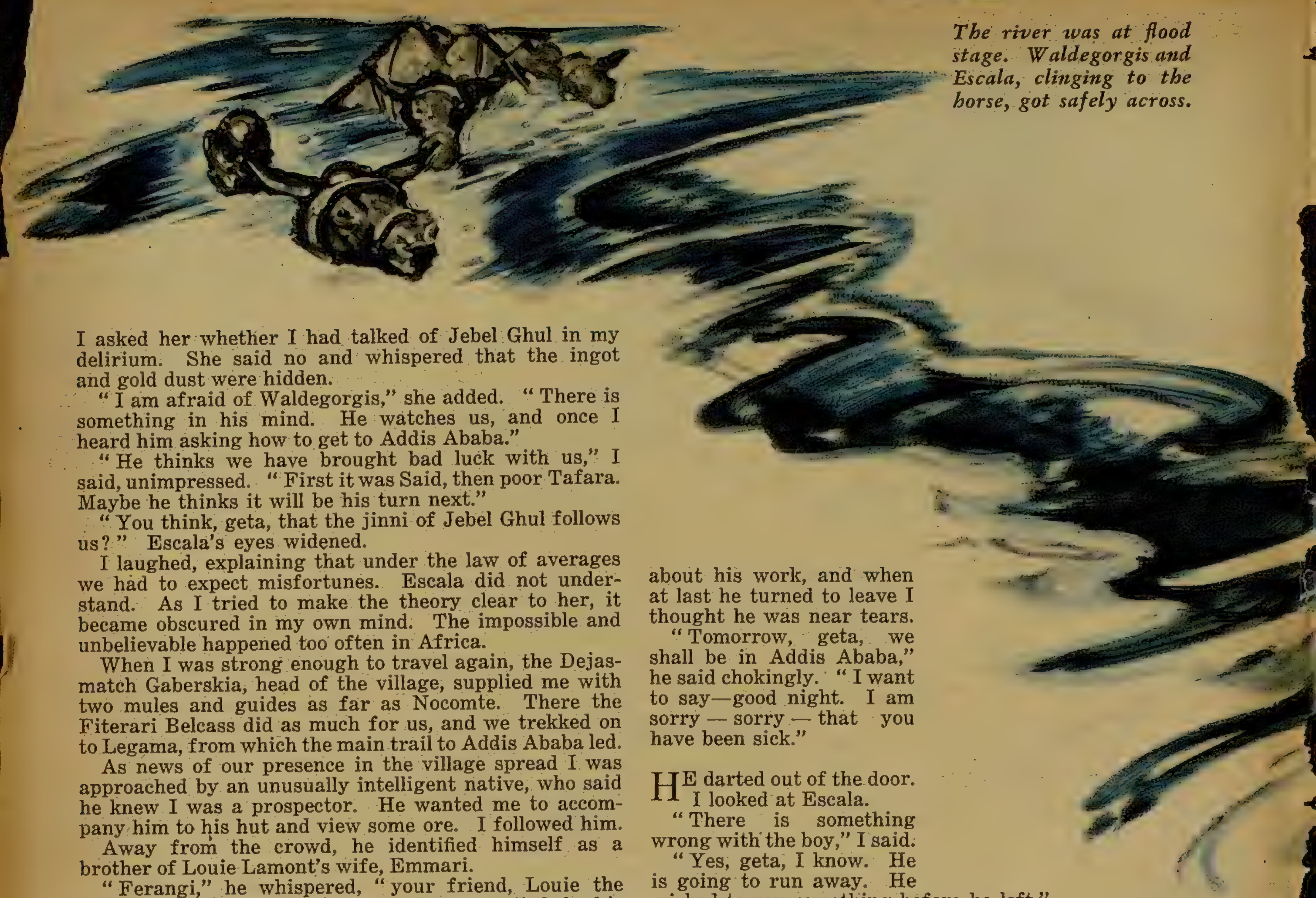
Waldegorgis ran along the bank moaning, " Geta, we have been in the country of Jebel Ghul. We are cursed. We will all die! "

My mind had been rather clear during the tragic fording of the Daupos, but as we pressed on toward Nadjo I became worse. In spite of Escala's ministrations I collapsed entirely.

When I recovered consciousness I found I had lain, more dead than alive, for seven days in the hut of Daniel Dester in Nadjo. Dester, an Abyssinian, had been a servant of an English family in Cairo and had taken his employer's name.

All other available means of relieving me failing, Escala and Dester had resorted to native practices, bleeding particularly. Crude as it might seem, such treatment was effective. The tenth day I was able to sit out in the sun. From a weight of two hundred pounds I had shriveled to a point where skinny Louie Lamont would have seemed fat by comparison. I was so weak that it took real effort for me to lift a hand.

Escala, always at my side, waited on me, washed me, and fed me tea she had brewed from the blood of a bullock.



The river was at flood stage. Waldegorgis and Escala, clinging to the horse, got safely across.

I asked her whether I had talked of Jebel Ghul in my delirium. She said no and whispered that the ingot and gold dust were hidden.

"I am afraid of Waldegorgis," she added. "There is something in his mind. He watches us, and once I heard him asking how to get to Addis Ababa."

"He thinks we have brought bad luck with us," I said, unimpressed. "First it was Said, then poor Tafara. Maybe he thinks it will be his turn next."

"You think, geta, that the jinni of Jebel Ghul follows us?" Escala's eyes widened.

I laughed, explaining that under the law of averages we had to expect misfortunes. Escala did not understand. As I tried to make the theory clear to her, it became obscured in my own mind. The impossible and unbelievable happened too often in Africa.

When I was strong enough to travel again, the Dejasmatch Gaberskia, head of the village, supplied me with two mules and guides as far as Nocomte. There the Fiterari Belcass did as much for us, and we trekked on to Legama, from which the main trail to Addis Ababa led.

As news of our presence in the village spread I was approached by an unusually intelligent native, who said he knew I was a prospector. He wanted me to accompany him to his hut and view some ore. I followed him.

Away from the crowd, he identified himself as a brother of Louie Lamont's wife, Emmari.

"Ferangi," he whispered, "your friend, Louie the Frenchman, has sent you a secret message. Bukela, his servant, who is also my son, has been waiting here with it for many days."

At the native's hut I met Bukela, whom I recognized, and received a note written on a bottle wrapper in even more atrocious English than Louie spoke.

It was a warning against returning to Addis Ababa, but the fears that had inspired it seemed groundless. Emmari, I gathered, had heard through gossiping servants of the gebe that Escala was a runaway, liable to punishment under the frightful fugitive-slave law.

Louie thought it advisable for me to turn south and take refuge in Nairobi, British East Africa. He promised, however, that if I saw fit to return he would take my case to Menelik.

I wrote a reply at once, telling him that the Princess Goorksa had given Escala her freedom and that we had been married at Mount Zukala by the Abuna Markossen. Further, I stated that I would take the baths at Ambo and return to Addis Ababa one night during the next week.

AT the moment my only fear was that my gold might be confiscated by the Negadrasse Illagorgis's custom agents. I decided to send the ingot and part of the dust along to Louie with my answer.

The hot springs at Ambo benefited both Escala and me greatly. We remained there a week, then turned back toward the capital, making a stop at Holeta, where Menelik maintained a magnificent country home. We were but a ten-hour ride from the city.

The shume of Holeta apparently had received advance notice of our coming. He had prepared a hut for us and a stable for the animals. Speaking much of the gray Arabian horse, he suggested that I let Waldegorgis sleep in the stable, the better to protect it.

Waldegorgis prepared our supper and saw that we were comfortably fixed for the night. He was very slow about his work, and when at last he turned to leave I thought he was near tears.

"Tomorrow, geta, we shall be in Addis Ababa," he said chokingly. "I want to say—good night. I am sorry — sorry — that you have been sick."

HE darted out of the door. I looked at Escala.

"There is something wrong with the boy," I said.

"Yes, geta, I know. He is going to run away. He wished to say something before he left."

"Wanted money and baksheesh, I suppose," I growled. "Well, if he deserts now it's his own hard luck."

I had just wakened the next morning when I heard somebody at the door. It was the village shume.

"Ferangi, there is something wrong with your horse," he said.

I jerked on my clothes, buckled my gun belt around my waist as a matter of habit, and followed him. Escala had been up and dressed when I woke.

At the stable door the shume stepped aside courteously to let me enter first. I stepped through the doorway and the shume gave me a push. A heavy burnoose fell over my head. Before I could draw my revolver I was down and my assailants, of whom there must have been half a dozen, were twisting and tying my arms.

Then I was half carried, half dragged into the street. Still weak from the ravages of fever, I could offer little resistance; but I succeeded in shaking off the burnoose.

For a moment I had thought my captors were bandits bent on robbing me or holding me for ransom. I twisted around to look at the hut where Escala and I had slept. She too was a prisoner. Three men jerked and pushed her toward me. A fourth sauntered along behind, his black face split by an ugly grin.

He was Inga, the Princess Goorksa's Can Yas Murch!

I went cold and sick as I realized that Tafara and Louie had been right. The princess had sent the slave girl to me at my camp at Karkee with just such an end as this in mind. By denying that she had freed Escala, she could and probably would have us thrown to the lions.

Escala was sobbing. "I am to blame, geta. I have caused all this!"

"Don't be afraid." I tried to calm her. "These Abyssinians don't dare mistreat whites."

But I knew that neither my nationality nor the color of our skin would help us in a country where a British consul general and his staff had once been imprisoned and a whole Italian army wiped out.

The Can Yas Murch walked up and thrust his face into Escala's. "So you have come back, slave? And with a white lover. Now the Princess Goorksa will have two white-skinned slaves."

Ignoring him, I spoke to Escala in English: "Did anyone except this overseer hear the princess promise you your freedom?"

"No, master. He brought me from the compound to the princess and then she sent me to you. It was not yet daylight. No one saw us leave."

And no living person except Waldegorgis and myself had witnessed her arrival at Karkee with the Can Yas Murch!

"Where is my boy Waldegorgis?" I shot at Inga.

The slavemaster grinned. "If you want to know, muskin, he has gone to get his baksheesh from the princess. Tomorrow she will make him Can Yas Murch Waldegorgis for helping her get back a runaway slave."

His answer jarred me.

With my one remaining boy revealed as the spy who had arranged our capture, we would be without supporting testimony at a trial, if trial we were given. All hope of aid now seemed to center on Louie, the Abuna Markossen, and Menelik.

Inga ordered his men to prepare to move. I was tossed on a mule, an escari fastening my bound hands to the pommel of the saddle.

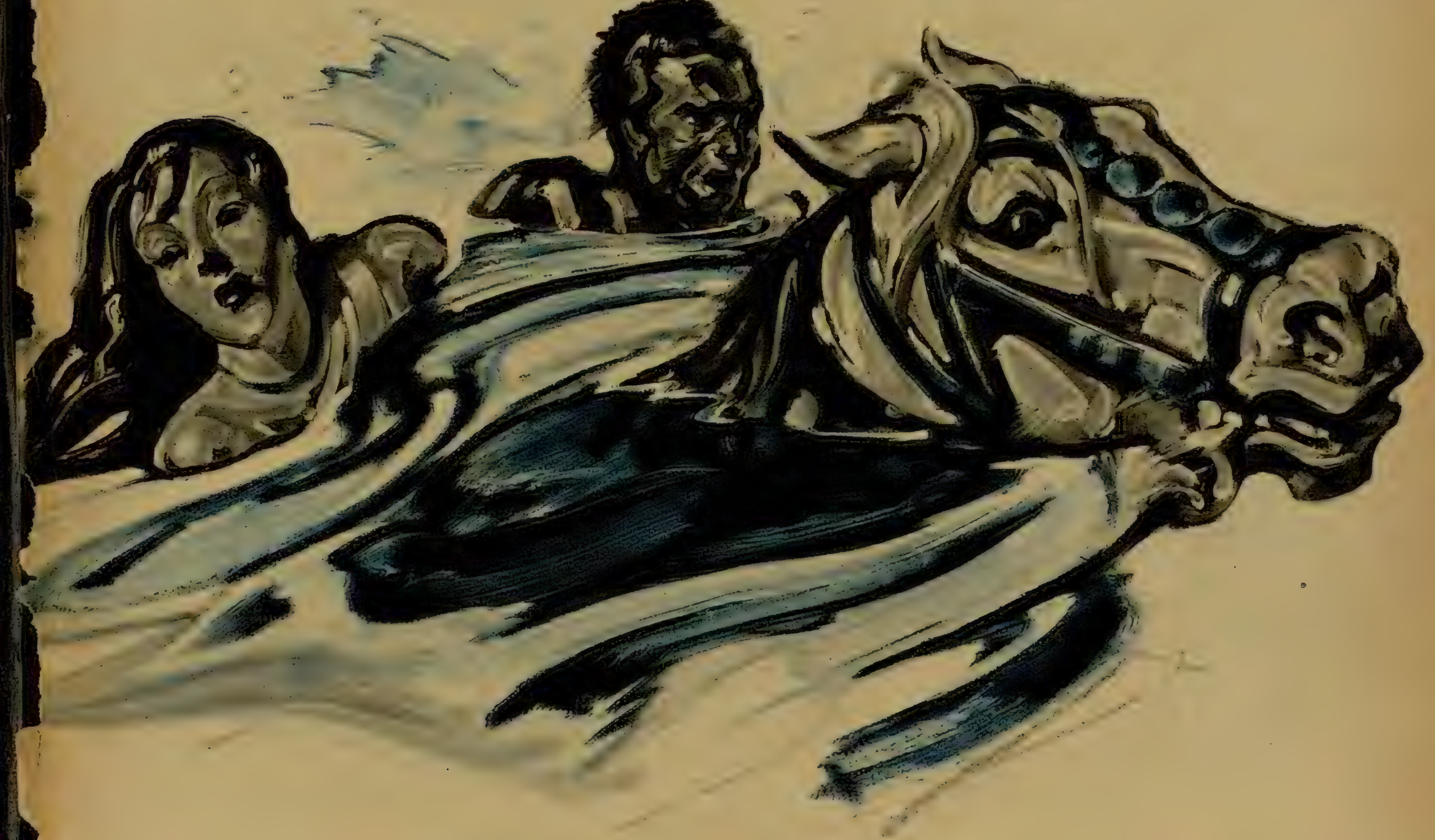
Escala was placed astride another mule and trussed in like fashion.

Our captors rode off with us in the direction of Addis Ababa, but followed a little-used trail. Whenever they sighted a native our mules were led into the brush. Later they halted and put us under cover for no other purpose than to kill time, it seemed. In consequence it was dark before we entered the city.

Such measures of secrecy could mean but one thing: Princess Goorksa was afraid of her brother-in-law, the Negus Negust, Menelik.

It was raining when the Can Yas Murch and his men led us into the market field. Lightning flickered behind the Entoto Hills and now and then I had a glimpse of Escala's face, white and brooding.

Up the slope we went and through the gates of the gebe we jolted, past the lions' compound and through the stable entrance of the Ras Goorksa's home, where I had been so often a favored guest. Inga growled orders to his men. We were yanked from our saddles and herded into the slave quarters, where the native farrier put us in irons, riveting a heavy cuff around my right wrist and another around Escala's left. A four-foot length of chain joined the manacles. The Can Yas Murch strode into the smithy, swinging an alunga. He inspected our fetters critically.



"Tell the Princess Goorksa that I want to see her, Inga," I ordered. "We want an explanation and immediate release."

Ignoring my demands, the overseer pointed to my shackle. "Do you see, dirty ferangi, how the lions' teeth have scratched the iron?"

"Does the ras himself have an overseer?" I asked Escala.

"His slaves are all in the country," she said. "Gabriel, the eunuch, would help us. Once Inga beat me and Gabriel fought with him. He bit a big chunk out of the Can Yas Murch's cheek—do you see?"

THE slavemaster brandished his hippopotamus-hide whip. "Stop! Speak Habasha language here, you white-skinned muskins!"

The alunga whistled down upon my back. As I jerked away from a second stroke, Escala threw herself at the overseer's feet.

"Whip me!" she cried. "I am the guilty one."

"You'll get all you want without asking for it, you runaway *shermuter!*"

The Can Yas Murch had hardly got the foul epithet off his tongue before I drove my free fist into his face. My knuckles caught him squarely on the bridge of his nose and I felt the bones in it shatter. He went down like a bullock under an ax.

I tried to get to him with my boots, but the farrier shouted and a gang of escaris ran in from the stable. The Can Yas Murch was carried to the house. With spears against our backs, Escala and I were driven into a near-by hut which quartered a dozen native slaves.

The place was as filthy as men and women reduced to the state of beasts could make it. Two men, heavily chained, squatted before a little fire, trying to roast some dry corn. They hardly raised their heads at our entrance.

Escala pulled away from me to chain's length, hiding her face. "Geta, I have done this to you. Can you ever forgive me?"

"It is no fault of yours, dearest." I drew her back with my free arm. "See, we are one, just as the abbot of Mount Zukala said we should be!"

She smiled a little at that, and we sat on the floor, planning means of getting word of our plight to Louie. I knew the little Frenchman, having seen the ingot, would move heaven and earth to release us.

A commotion at the door disrupted our conversation. One of Princess Goorksa's shumes entered, followed by guards carrying lanterns, clubs, and alungas.

My flesh crept. Their appearance so soon after I had bashed the overseer's nose meant, no doubt, that I was to be flogged. The shume ordered everyone to stand up, and his attendants went around kicking and whipping the prisoners.

More of the Goorksa retinue came in, and with them the princess herself. In spite of the rain that pelted the thatched roof above us, she had walked from the house in her finest garments—white satin slippers and a European evening gown with a long train.

All of the blacks in the hut fell upon their knees and bobbed their heads to her. But she had eyes only for Escala and me.

For a moment no one moved or spoke. The rain rattled overhead. Far off the thunder drummed.

"I have come," said the Princess Goorksa, "to see my new slave."

I heard Escala breathe sharply. I tensed and the chain between us rattled.

"Bring the ferangi closer for me to see," the princess commanded.

One of her attendants dragged us forward by our manacles. A rush of blood darkened the face of the ras's wife until it seemed black and hellish as those of the escaris leering over her shoulders.

"And this is the new slave?" she began in a husky bantering voice. "See, shume, how gaunt he is. Perhaps it is love that makes him thin. Love! I hear, ferangi, that you married my slave Escala. And now you are back, married again—by the blacksmith. And you are mine—do you hear?—mine, mine, mine! You thought my slave better than me and now you are no better than a slave. I send you a slave and you both come back slaves.

"Say something, slave!" Her voice rose higher and higher. "Speak when your owner speaks to you! You have beaten my Can Yas Murch. Perhaps you will beat me."

SHE snatched an alunga from one of her guards and struck, not at me but at Escala. The deadly whip cracked across the girl's chained arm, curled, and rose to fall again.

I threw myself forward, grasped the woman's wrist and twisted the whip from her hand. With my other hand, had it been free, I would have strangled her.

She was screaming and struggling like the devil's panther Tafara had called her. Her attendants, dumfounded for a moment, closed in on me with clubs and whips. I felt the hippo lashes, turned sidewise in killing strokes. Then black spots circled with fire danced in front of my eyes and I knew I was going out. . . .

When I recovered consciousness I was lying on a heap of straw with Escala, still chained to my arm, bathing my face. She was nude except for an old chamma. I had a rag tied around my thighs. From head to waist my body had been ripped and bruised by alungas. A laceration at the back of my head still bled.

"Do not try to move, geta," Escala urged, seeing that I had come to my senses. "You are badly hurt."

She told me that I had been unconscious for more than a day and that we were now in a section of Menelik's prison allotted to his wife, Taitu, sister of the Princess Goorksa. When I asked her about her own condition she answered that she had not been beaten very much. But she admitted that she did not remember how we had lost our clothing or when we had been moved from the Goorksa slave quarters. I knew then that she too had been knocked senseless, if not whipped, by the princess's torture crew.

I lay under a lean-to shed, the only structure in Taitu's compound. A stone wall probably twelve feet high surrounded us. Atop the barrier zabanias, armed with both rifles and spears, sat with their weapons between their knees like fishermen on a quay.

The section contained more than two hundred prisoners, chained by the arms in pairs or threes and by the necks in groups of six. Many of the captives were naked or wore only breechclouts.

NO distinction seemed to have been made between sexes in the chaining of the inmates, young girls being fettered to groups of men. The sanitary arrangements were about the same as those in a chicken yard. In the center of the compound was an open well from which water could be drawn by a windlass.

The prisoners lolled in the sun, some sleeping, others talking, apparently satisfied to be merely alive. The women who were together jabbered and quarreled. A group of men had dug holes in the ground and were playing a game by shifting pebbles from one hole to another.

A pint of chick-peas was the usual daily ration. Sometimes food would be tossed over the wall by some passerby. Other times, usually on Sundays when the nobles had feasts, kitchen scraps and bones were tossed into the compound. Fights usually followed, men and women chained together clawing at one another's throats with their free hands.

My cuts and bruises healed slowly, due to my low vitality when I entered the prison. I was back in the condition in which the fever had left me. And as days became weeks and weeks months my beard grew down to my chest and my matted hair hung over my shoulders.

Escape was all I dreamed of. I had long since given up hope of breaking out. The walls were double and the guards alert—as they had reason to be, for two of them died whenever a prisoner escaped. I tried bribing the zabanias to carry word to Louie, but I had nothing to offer them except promises. I might have sent a message with an outgoing prisoner, but none left.

I sat half days at a time with Escala, going over the details of our days of freedom together and planning what we would do when, if ever, we left Abyssinia. We lived again and again through the hardships of our expedition to Jebel Ghul. It was not a pleasant subject, but we dared not let our minds dwell on the horrors of the hole in which we existed.

I was slipping, and I knew it; but Escala clung to life and sanity tenaciously. She was satisfied that I did not blame her for our misery and, living only for me, it is possible that she even found some happiness in the prison. Certainly she never whimpered.

At the end of three months I was, in appearance and possibly other respects, a wild man. Constant exposure to the sun had darkened Escala's beautiful white skin until she looked like a native. I doubted whether anyone would recognize us.

Rumors began to drift through the compound. A trial was to be held and Menelik himself would sit in judgment. None knew where this story had started.

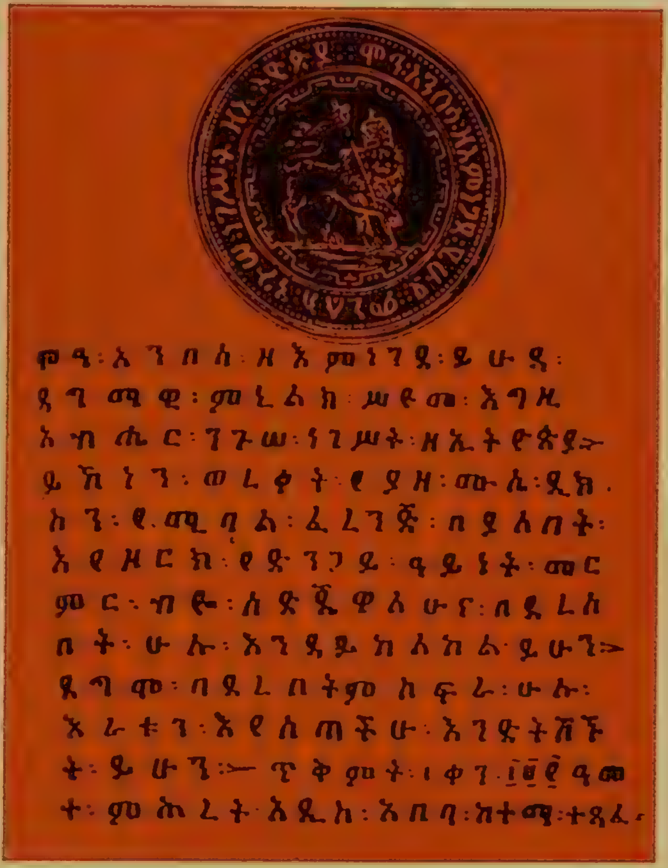
Then, one day when it seemed that there was no hope left to which we might look forward or backward, and we sat staring into the sky, the gate of the compound opened and several Abyssinians of high rank walked in, attended by the big eunuch Gabriel.

As the party passed around the inclosure, looking at the prisoners, Escala signaled to the Nubian. He ran toward us, mouth hanging open, eyes wide.

"Escala Miriam!" he cried. "Why are you here? What has happened?"

She explained briefly, and he turned and looked at me with the same astonishment he had shown in recognizing Escala. "And this is the ferangi you married?"

I could understand why anyone would wonder at me. The eunuch explained that he had been sent to the prison as an escort for friends of the ras who had come in from Lake Tsana looking for a missing slave. Ignorant of our confinement until now, he had no idea of what the princess planned to do with us. He swore that he would get word to Louie and the Abuna Markossen.



By this passport, Menelik authorized Dixon to travel throughout Abyssinia.

But one day followed another and nothing happened. We began to fear that Gabriel had lied or that Louie had failed us. It was just possible that the trader had taken his share of the gold and wandered away on a spree. The abuna might be making one of his many pilgrimages.

On June 16, or Sanni 6, the prison gates opened again, this time admitting some of the imperial shumes and a file of zabanias. All prisoners were forced into line. Escala and I were picked from the wretched company and turned over to the guards, one of the shumes explaining that Menelik would try us in public.

Remembering the shrewd observations which the Negus had made about the Princess Goorksa the day of my audience with him, I was jubilant. Menelik could not fail to see through his sister-in-law's plot, and if he was just, as I believed him to be, Escala and I would soon be free. I asked the shume if we could wash before leaving the compound.

"No, no." He laughed. "Menelik does not look at prisoners, only at the facts in the case. The trial is ready to begin."

In keeping with the traditions of Solomon, very dear to him, Menelik sat as judge once or twice a year. On such judgment days every Abyssinian who could do so came to Addis Ababa to hear the wisdom of the King of Kings. The trials were held on the field where I had proved the Nordenfelts.

Escala and I, still in shackles, were taken to a hut a few yards from the trial grounds to wait the pleasure of the Negus Negust. Through an open door we viewed the scene. A small grandstand had been set up for Menelik.

He was already in it, seated with legs crossed on a pile of pillows. The same rich chamma and burnoose that I had seen on him the day of the gun test draped his body. Cocked over one eye was the five-gallon Texas cowboy hat. Around him were gathered the abuna of the gebe, the afa-negus, fan boys, and a huge eunuch.

ON both sides of Menelik's stand sat the nobility of Abyssinia. Spread on the ground in front was an enormous carpet. Farther out a troop of zabanias galloped around, keeping the commoners in their place.

Menelik's trumpeters had risen, sounding their horns like taxi drivers caught in a traffic jam. Our guards hustled us through the crowd and out on the carpet.

I saw none of the ridiculous aspects of the scene at the moment. Escala and I were whites, the first ever to be brought to trial in modern Abyssinia, and we were fighting for our lives. Confused and doubtless shamed, she clung to my arm. She was almost as nude as I was, her single garment having gone to pieces in the prison.

A shume had thrust a staff into my hands, instructing me to lean on it. I gathered that the thing symbolized a prisoner's need of support, so I threw it on the ground.

The shume handed it to me again. The crowd had become silent. All faces were turned toward us.

I gestured refusal and shouted in Amharic: "To lean on that stick would mean that we are weak. We are not weak. We are innocent and God gives us strength!"

The officer looked back at his superiors. No order came, so he placed the staff at my feet and hurried away. A murmur of excitement ran through the stands.

I was being theatrical, but with a purpose. Menelik had staged the trial as a show for his people. If I put on a good act he might spare us.

The Negus gazed down at us for a time, then whispered to his mouthpiece, who proclaimed: "Let the Negus Negust hear what this man and woman have done."

The Can Yas Murch Inga stepped out on the carpet with his back to us and swore that I had influenced Escala, a slave of the Princess Goorksa, to run away. After marrying we had returned, he said, to Holeta, where he had arrested us. He wound up by accusing me of trying to kill him and his mistress the princess.

Several of the overseer's escaris were summoned and gave supporting testimony. Then the Princess Goorksa took the place on the carpet which had been set aside for accusing witnesses. She was not asked to testify but merely to confirm or deny the evidence of the Can Yas Murch.

"IT is true," she declared, and turned toward us, her eyes murderous, her upper lip twisted in a snarl.

Escala recoiled from her leer of triumph. I was fearful. Without witnesses we could hardly hope to discredit a story affirmed by the sister of the empress. Menelik might despise her but I doubted that he could or would free us under the circumstances.

Where was Louie? The abuna of Mount Zukala? Even if Gabriel had not told them, they must have learned of the trial by this time. And where was Gabriel?

Menelik and his mouthpiece conferred. The afa-negus pointed his baton at me. "Tell your story, prisoner."

I told it simply and, I hoped, effectively, contending that the revengeful and jealous princess was trying to subvert the processes of justice. I spoke of my explorations and gold discoveries, and for a moment I was tempted to reveal the secret of Sheba's treasure.

On second thought I decided to withhold the information until after a verdict had been rendered. It might help us escape death in event we were condemned.

Escala repeated my testimony in a clear, dispassionate voice. Finishing, she bowed to Menelik as though she were a queen. The Negus had been leaning far back on his pillows, his eyes closed.

The princess was recalled by the afa-negus, who, at Menelik's promptings, compelled her to admit taking our clothes, equipment, and maps.

Then she was asked to reaffirm her statement that Inga had told the truth. The stands were in a flutter. Never before had a member of the royal household been called upon to repeat a statement in a trial before Menelik.

The Negus had opened his shrewd little eyes. He spoke to the afa-negus for several minutes. The afa faced us. The verdict was about to be announced.

I steeled myself for the worst. Poor Escala looked piteously at me, then got herself under control.

"Both are guilty!" cried the mouthpiece of the king—"the girl for running away, the man for aiding her. By marriage the man became the slave of the Princess Goorksa and as her slave he struck her. The crime is plain. These prisoners will be thrown to the lions."

Numb with horror, we looked into each other's dead eyes. As full realization of the meaning of it came to her, Escala threw up her free arm, staggered, and fell against me. Guards ran out and started shoving us off the carpet.

"Move, slaves!" commanded a shume. "You go to the lions—now!"

The Princess Goorksa raced out across the carpet and stood in front of us, a panther raging and exulting in her kill.

"You death-faced slaves!" Her face worked horribly and the foam of madness gathered on her purpling lips. "You love each other! Go and see what love is like in the lion pit. Make love to the lions and let the lions make love to your bones!"

She spit her slaver into Escala's face. I sprang upon the nearest zabania, dragging Escala with me. The bewildered guard offering no resistance, I jerked his goradi from his sash and, so armed, whirled and poised myself to plunge the blade into the Princess Goorksa's throat.

Time for three strokes was all I wanted—the Goorksa first, then Escala and myself. I would show these Abyssinians how a ferangi could die.

From the royal box a voice roared: "Stop, ferangi! Bring back those two in chains—the Princess Goorksa with them!"

It was the voice of the battlefield of Adowa. Menelik, King of Kings, the Solomon in a sombrero, was on his feet, speaking for the first time in person at a judgment.

Rasses and fiteraries were running toward us, led by an abuna who carried a cross tall as himself. It was the abbot of Mount Zukala.

"Peace, my son!" he cried. "Look on the cross."

With arm still uplifted and blade in my hand, I stared. Escala reached up and pulled the goradi from my fingers. It fell to the ground.

The stands were in a furor. The rabble seethed behind the cordons of zabanias. Something strange to this strangest of lands was happening, no one knew what.

"*Era bi Menelik!* Silence!" roared a bull-voiced shume.

"*Era bi Menelik!*" the cry ran through the crowd, fading out in a whisper. An abysmal silence settled over the field.

"Our father will put the Princess Goorksa to the oath," Menelik commanded in a voice that carried to the lowest slaves pressed back from the judgment seat by the commoners.

Solemnly the abbot approached, eyes seeing nothing but the great crucifix he carried. A foot or two in front of the princess he planted it. Two imperial shumes who had accompanied him circled around behind the ras's wife. They pressed her head forward until her face was flat against the cross. She stood as though transfixed.

MENELIK descended from his box, the brim of his cowboy hat pulled low. Behind him, among his attendants, walked the eunuch Gabriel and the traitor Waldegorgis, sobbing.

The Negus advanced until he stood beside the Abuna Markossen. "Woman, do you swear upon the symbol of our church and in the name of our God that you did not free your slave Escala Miriam?"

"No, no, geta, I do not swear it," the Princess Goorksa moaned, looking at Waldegorgis and guessing, no doubt, what his presence meant.

"Then you freed her?"

"Yes, it is true—true—"

The princess swayed and she fell convulsed at the Negus's feet.

Menelik's little eyes danced. He had humbled his wife's sister in a fashion that would end for a long time the intrigues in the gebe.

He had exposed her as a perjurer and false witness to his people. She was broken utterly.

He commanded his attendants to strike the irons from our arms and house us as royal guests in the gebe. We knelt in prayer with hands outthrust while a workman who had been engaged about the stands cut the rivets.

The sudden turn in fortune seemed beyond understanding. But the abbot, having blessed us, explained. What he told us was astonishing in itself.

At no time had we been in danger of being thrown into the lions' den. Gabriel had been true to his word. By means best known to himself he had forced a confession from Waldegorgis, at the same time informing Louie Lamont of our danger. Louie and his boy Bukela had started at once for Mount Zukala to enlist the abuna's aid.

Near the foot of the sacred mountain they had been attacked by bandits. Louie had been killed. The boy, wounded, had managed to carry the message through to the monastery.

The facts had been placed before the Negus, who insisted on disposing of the case in his own way. Hence the public trial which had enabled him to crush the spirit of the Princess Goorksa.

Perhaps it had not occurred to him that he was making us suffer horribly by his sentence, or perhaps he had wanted the experience of passing judgment on a ferangi.

The knowledge of Louie's death took much of the joy from my new-found freedom.

Brave little rooster! And he had touched the gold of Jebel Ghul! Bukela, too!

WHERE was the ingot? Emmari said Louie had given it to an American consular agent and adventurer who had drifted into Addis Ababa. I found the man—Eddie Vialle, promoter, big-game hunter, and nephew of the president of a Boston bank.

Cursed or not, the gold had brought death and suffering from Jebel Ghul. I wanted to be rid of it and leave Abyssinia.

So I sold the bar to Vialle, who paid seven hundred pounds sterling for it and later disposed of it through Ochs Brothers of Lombard Street, London.

I intended to give part of the money to Emmari, but on visiting the hut where Louie and I had planned the venture I found her entertaining a Greek.

Vialle and I had an audience with Menelik during which the Negus gave me a pass to the coast, freedom papers for Escala, and a promise of concessions in Beni Shongul if ever I returned to Abyssinia. At the same time Vialle closed the sale of two million cartridges to the Negus.

We celebrated with a party. Escala had never been happier, nor had I. In a few days we would be on our way to Europe.

When the festivities were over, I noticed that the flush in her cheeks remained. The next morning she was unable to leave her bed.

It was fever in its most deadly form. Vialle and I and the Negus's own physician were with her day and night. On the fourth day she lapsed into a coma from which she roused but once.

"Geta," she whispered, as I sat holding the arm so long chained to my own—"geta, do not go back—to Jebel Ghul. Geta—I love you!"

That was all. Something had gone out of my life that all the treasures of Jebel Ghul could not replace.

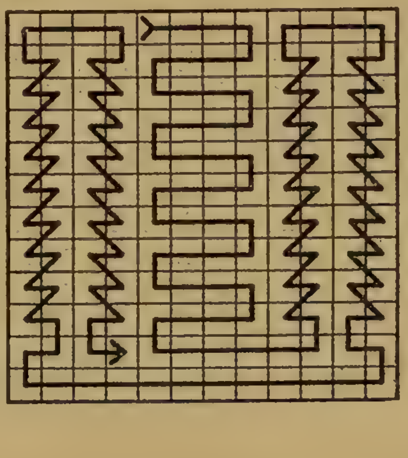
I buried her, with her freedom papers in her hand, in a grave next to Louie Lamont's at Mount Zukala.

As I turned my back to the sacred mountain I knew I would never come back to it—knew, too, that I would never look again on Jebel Ghul. I was going on—and on—always away.

THE END

YARDLEYGRAM ANSWER

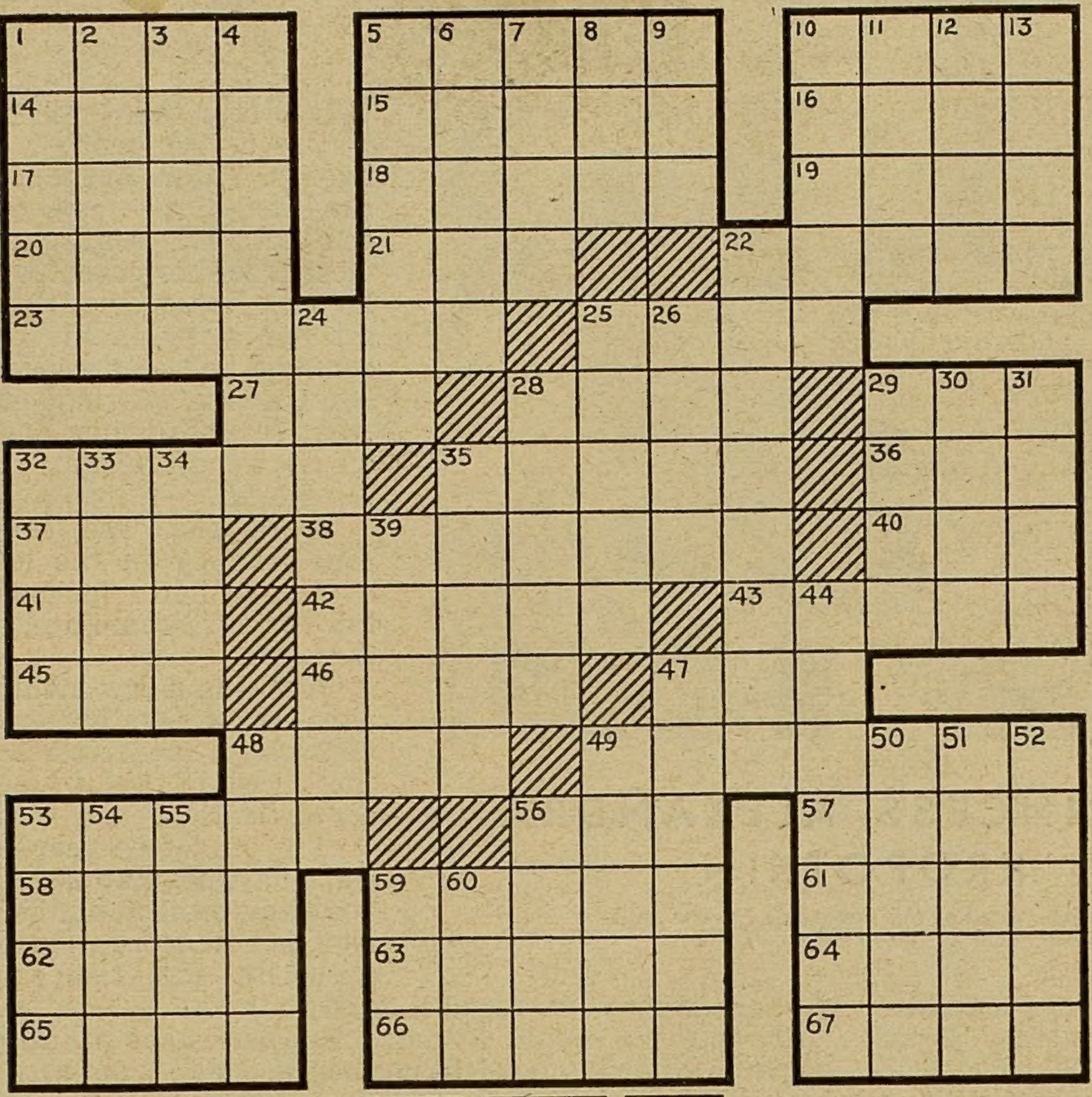
LAST WEEK'S PROBLEM



Drawing your pencil line as indicated at left will give you this message: The code telegram found on Pablo Waberski, the famous German naval spy, was a transposition cipher, one of the most exciting puzzles that we were ever called upon to unscramble.

CROSS WORDS

A NEW PUZZLE



HORIZONTAL

1 American wapiti (plural)
5 An open space
10 A small hut
14 A site
15 A style of type
16 A state of profound insensibility
17 Principal garment of a Hindu woman
18 The goddess of peace
19 To give out or off
20 Masculine proper name
21 The pieces used in chess
22 Anoint
23 Irritates
25 Bathe
27 Attention
28 Split
29 Soft food for infants
32 Peruses
35 To clothe, as with a cloak
36 Cloth woven from the hair of camels
37 A morsel left at a meal
38 Those who use a certain garden tool
40 Regular course
41 One of a branch of the Tai race
42 Propelled through the water
43 Angry
45 A tree
46 Within
47 Deer
48 Stake in a game of poker
49 Social conduct

W	H	A	T		A	M	A	S	S		H	A	F	T
E	A	S	E		G	I	R	T	H		A	N	E	W
S	M	I	R	K	E	D	■	R	O	C	S	■	T	I
T	E	A	M	E	D	■	P	A	R	R	■	N	E	T
		T	E	N	■	S	E	P	T	A	T	E		
A	P	I	S	■	P	I	N	S	■	S	H	A	M	S
P	A	C	■	P	A	N	T	■	C	H	A	P	E	L
S	O	■	D	A	R	E	■	P	O	E	T	■	T	A
I	L	L	E	S	T	■	S	O	L	D	■	P	E	N
S	O	I	L	S	■	A	L	O	E	■	P	A	S	T
		F	E	A	R	F	U	L	■	D	A	N		
B	I	T	■	G	O	R	E	■	H	O	R	N	E	T
O	N	■	J	E	N	A	■	H	E	R	O	I	N	E
A	C	R	E		D	I	N	E	R		L	E	T	S
T	H	A	W		O	D	O	R	S		E	R	O	S

Answer to last week's puzzle

53 Sharp pain
56 Forbid
57 King of Sweden (1560-68)
58 Companions
59 A particular direction
61 Interlaced into a fabric
62 City in Pennsylvania
63 Articulated joint
64 Paradise
65 To last under use
66 Penetrate
67 Small hollow

VERTICAL

1 City in Prussia
2 To depart
3 Measure used to indicate fineness of gold
4 Restricted to a scant allowance
5 Either of two sizes of type
6 Space between the eye and bill in birds (plural)
7 Word of solemn ratification
8 Metal container
9 Suffix forming the names of certain hydrocarbons (chem.)
10 Division of a drama
11 Domicile
12 Masculine personal name
13 The fruit of a palm
22 Repugnance
24 Roping
25 Existed
26 To declare in a positive manner
28 A round-up
29 State in Brazil
30 To be contiguous
31 The head
32 Assumed part
33 Pertaining to a period of time (rare)
34 Minute particle
35 A position in thrusting or parrying (fencing)
39 Desire earnestly
44 Resumed
47 Scurf on the head
48 A genus of typical geese
49 Skin disease affecting some domestic animals
50 Wear away
51 To be rent asunder
52 Perfume
53 Vomit
54 A weed
55 A bone of the pelvis (plural)
56 A tendency of the mind
59 Definite article
60 Japanese coin

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 17

1—John Langdon of New Hampshire, elected April 6, 1789.

2—With force and arms.

3—Teodor Josef Konrad Korzeniowski.

4—A book first published in Boston about 1690 by Benjamin Harris, of which more than 2,000,000 were sold.

5—Roger Williams.

6—The Democratic Party, founded by Thomas Jefferson.

7—Yes, on the Western frontier in and after 1849, as a substitute for courts which functioned at irregular intervals.

8—Agitators against capitalism, Chinese immigration, and other matters in California in 1877-79; so called because their meeting place was a sand lot in San Francisco.

9—Turkey, Great Britain, France, and Sardinia.

10—Viscount Charles Stanley Monck.

11—In South Africa; named by Vasco da Gama, who discovered it on Christmas Day, 1497.

12—In 1912.

13—Peru; 300.

14—Belgium.

15—Sudbury, Ontario.

16—A city in New York, named from a corruption of the Iroquois *gahaoose*, meaning " shipwrecked canoe."

17—A natural earthy deposit of calcium carbonate and clay, containing more or less sand; also a delicate fiber obtained from peacock feathers.

18—A Greek physician, the most celebrated of antiquity, born about 460 B.C.

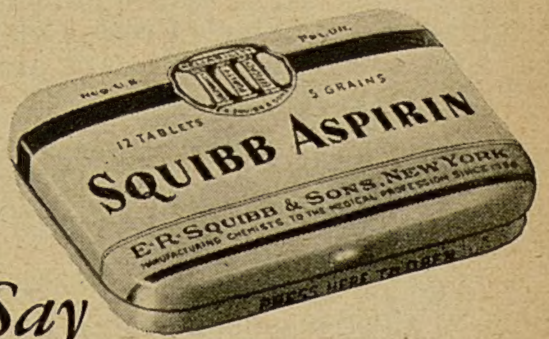
19—The frigate Insurgent sailed from Hampton Roads in 1800 with 380 men. She was never heard from again.

20—At New Orleans, Louisiana, 1866.

The Answer to the Aspirin Question

(question on page 17)

You should insist on a firmly compressed aspirin tablet because such a tablet is easier to swallow, leaves no bitter aftertaste in the mouth, is more exact in dosage and, finally, is more economical, since there is no wastage from broken tablets. To make sure of these advantages in the aspirin you buy—



Say "SQUIBB ASPIRIN, *Please!*"

TO THE LADIES!

By PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

linguist, friend of the famous in Europe, and descendant of the first czar of Russia

(Reading time: 4 minutes 55 seconds.)

ON the road to Mandalay a poker game goes on from Friday until Monday. American oil men make all the whoopee now in this romantic land that Kipling celebrated. Poker-playing Americans drive to town from the oil fields in old-fashioned buggies, leaving them hitched outside the clubhouse while they play their week-end stud.

From Lowell Thomas I get this strange picture of Asia Americanized. Mr. Thomas first distinguished himself as an explorer. He knew "Lawrence of Arabia." What is more, he knew him *in* Arabia. Mr. Thomas is also one of the few Westerners who really know Afghanistan.

"The women there," he told me, "have a magic trick of tying two frogs together back to back, male and female frog. Then they roast them alive until nothing but dust remains. The married women sprinkle this frog dust over the pretty girls. That's magic. It is supposed to keep the married men from noticing how pretty the girls are.

"They have another custom which parallels the frog stunt. A man and woman apprehended in adultery are tied back to back, surrounded by a ring of soldiers with bayonets fixed. There they are left to thirst and starve to death in the broiling sun."

Lowell Thomas

I asked Lowell Thomas what woman, in his opinion, is our most intrepid adventuress.

"Gertrude Emerson," he said. "She is pure American—a descendant of Ralph Waldo Emerson and of old Governor Winthrop. She's a tiny slip of a thing, yet she knows the Orient as few Westerners do. She has lived alone in Himalayan villages, speaks Japanese, is married now to a Hindu. She wrote Voiceless India, the book that will live beyond all others written around the tremendous subject of Hindu life."

Lowell Thomas, a frequent Liberty contributor, comes originally from Cripple Creek, Colorado. He is married, has a son aged nine, and lives at present in the Berkshire Hills.

HERE'S a secret I found out by peeking: Men get the weeps at sad movies; pitiful pictures make the boys feel like crying no less than the girls—only *they* don't dare admit it.

I caught a lot of them at it recently when the lights went on all of a sudden after a heart-rending scene in a Lionel Barrymore film. Women, including myself, were dabbing with our handkerchiefs—dabbing unashamed. Between dabs I took a peek at the men. They were having an awful time. Blowing their noses, clearing their throats, gulping, pretending to have bad colds—making frantic efforts to conceal their tears.

Let's be charitable, girls. They try so hard to hide their sentimentalism. If you catch your man weeping at a sad movie, don't let on that you know. Remember, it is always advantageous to have a secret up your sleeve.

MARRIED at seventeen. A mother at twenty. Her husband—she loved him—was eighteen years her senior. Almost from her schoolroom he took her, married her, set her away in his fine country house, preserved her there, a virginal matron, guarding her from all the rough wisdoms of the world.

There she was innocently happy in the love of her fatherly husband, but his time came and he died.

That was a few months ago. Now she has suddenly been projected into the whirl of wealth and sophistication.

Her nineteen-year-old son, having matured in boarding school and college, is now more worldly-wise by far than his mother, whose years are thirty-nine.

She is not a stupid woman. Neither is she a listless woman. Knowing her—liking her, as I do—I am afraid for her. I might not fear for her if she were stupid or phlegmatic—but she is bright and appetent of life.

What a dangerous path lies before her! Since she is thirty-nine, and has a grown-up son, no one will spare her the wounds she is sure to suffer when her impressionable heart finds new affections. Since she is wealthy, people will say that her wealth can heal whatever wounds may come to her. No one will imagine that she may go to her soul's death as pure and helpless as she went to her marriage bed twenty-two years ago.

I HEARD Thomas Lamont, the financier, tell this story at a recent political dinner:

A wealthy and influential man (so the story goes) happened to be very deaf. He was asked if there were no cure for his deafness.

"Certainly I could cure it," he answered. "My doctor says I could hear perfectly well if I gave up drinking."

Then why didn't he give up drinking? he was asked.

"I did," said the deaf man. "But what I heard was not worth listening to. So I began to drink again. Now I can't hear a thing. And I am perfectly satisfied."

FOR breezy tips on up-to-date etiquette, read No Nice Girl Swears, by Alice Leone Moats. (Knopf.)

IS there anything more annoying than the doorbell's rude, harsh voice in the midst of your housework?

From England I hear that doorbells are being made to call you softly, politely—they chime a little tune.

IT wraps around you—the newest skirt from Paris—but it does not meet. Quite alarming until you discover the underskirt. Bruyère shows this model in black wool crêpe with underskirt and belted hip-length coat of lacquered black satin, the blouse sleeveless, of white handkerchief linen trimmed around the neck and armholes with borders of red-and-white embroidery.

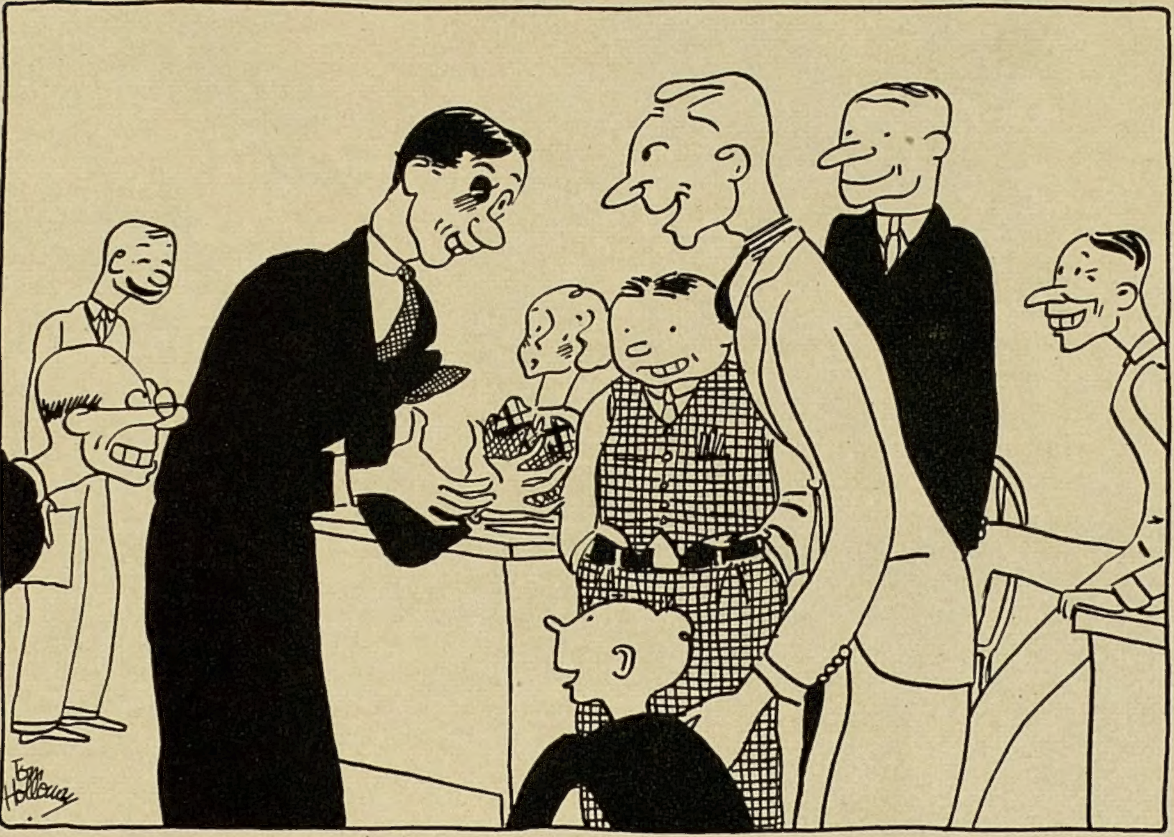
LAUGH THIS "SHINER" OFF!

LIBERTY WILL PAY

$250

IN CASH AWARDS

For the Sixty-four Best Excuses



"Yes, boys, it's a swell shiner, but I didn't get it the way you think. You see, ..."

THE PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE
$50

SECOND PRIZE
$25

THIRD PRIZE
$15

FOURTH PRIZE
$10

TEN PRIZES, EACH
$5

FIFTY PRIZES, EACH
$2

If you ever fall victim to a black eye you'll find it hard to justify. You're certain to draw a laugh, no matter what you say. So you might as well prepare to counter laugh with laugh. Here's a chance to practice your alibi in advance—and to win a substantial cash prize at the same time. How would you complete the excuse which is begun under the illustration? Be as humorous as you wish. The prizes go to the most laughably entertaining excuses. See the schedule above for the complete list of awards. Don't use more than twenty-five words. Read the brief rules carefully and follow the instructions in filing your entry, making sure that your name and full address are plainly readable.

Competitors in the May 13 Cover Title Contest will find the names of the winners listed on another page in this issue.

PHONY EXCUSE CONTEST RULES

Anyone anywhere may compete except employees of Macfadden Publications, Inc., and members of their families.

Complete the Phony Excuse begun above, using not more than twenty-five words of your own. The printed words need not be included in this count.

Write a brief statement to accompany your entry telling what story, article, or feature in this issue of Liberty appeals to you most and why.

The completed Phony Excuse which in the opinion of the judges is the most laughably entertaining and which is accompanied by the clearest, most convincing statement of preference will be adjudged the best.

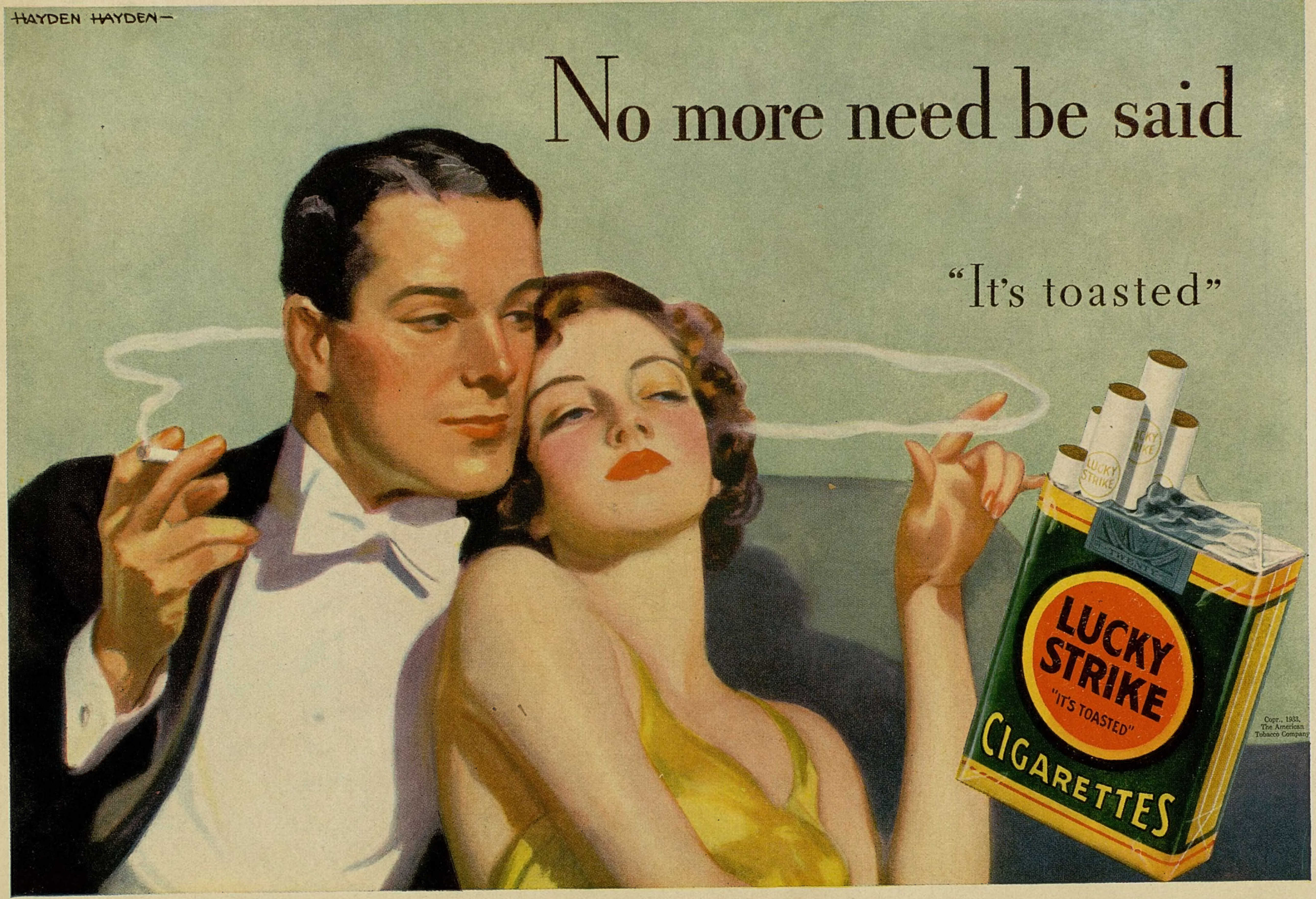
In order of their excellence on this basis prizes will be awarded to the sixty-four highest rating entries as follows: First prize, $50; second prize, $25; third prize, $15; fourth prize, $10; ten prizes, each $5; fifty prizes, each $2. In case of ties duplicate prizes will be paid.

No correspondence can be entered into regarding any entry. The Contest Board of Liberty will act as judges, and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

Mail all entries to Phony Excuse Editor, Liberty Weekly, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

All entries for this week's contest must be received on or before Monday, July 10.

NEXT WEEK ANOTHER CHANCE TO WIN A SHARE OF $250 IN CASH PRIZES. DON'T NEGLECT IT.


HAYDEN HAYDEN
No more need be said
"It's toasted"
LUCKY STRIKE
"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
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Tobacco Company